

A SHEAF OF GRAIN



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1890-

A Sheaf of Grain,

BOUND BY

AN OLD GRANGER.

Temple, James W
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KNOXVILLE, ILL.

REPUBLICAN BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

—1890.—

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PREFACE.

“ANOTHER book!” the indignant public cries,
As, piles on piles, the unwelcome volumes rise!
“Another tax on patience, purse and brain,
For fame just printed, or for greed of gain!”

Cease, gentle Public! spare the censor's tasks!
No fame the author seeks,—no ducats asks!
His meek ambition never soared so high,
To please, by published books, the public eye!
’Tis printed, true: in type its stanzas stare!
A few loved friends have urged him thus to dare
The critic's scowl, the scholar's censuring frown,
The wit's sharp joke, the tattle of the town!

Friends say: “What's printed for our eyes alone
Is not Sir Critic's business, but our own!”
All this is true, good friends! but you'll confess,
Dame Grundy scans your dinners, and your dress:

Which, though your private ventures, all the more
That bustling lady claims the right to score!
Your manners, morals, moods, her strictures wait,
Your nose, if sharp or pug; your form, your gait!
Would interview your nerves, dissect your brain,
And its "gray matter" weigh, by ounce and grain!

"Well," answer prompt my friends, "what does it boot,
(When not of fame nor wealth you're in pursuit)
What critics say?" True logic, I admit.
A lash stings, though one's not deserving it!
And when the critic, in a playful mood,
Dubs me "Spring poet," "literary dude,"
Or "crank," or "crazed,"—if such sharp quips I hear,
'Twill much offend my ample granger ear!

"In a few years, your life's probation o'er
They'll vex those broad, expansive ears no more!
Banish your fears,—your modest doubts repress:
Your friends, who read, will suffer most, I guess!"
And so, half-willing to be drawn along
(Though shamming modesty) to sing my song,
(Like rustic swain, coaxed by his lady fair,)
I give my quavering numbers to the air!

THE AUTHOR.

WILFRED.

A Tale of Ancient Hungary.

BY JAMES W. TEMPLE.



RUPERT THE STRONG, as ancient legends show,
On the broad Danube, centuries ago
A lofty castle built: the dashing wave
Doth to this day its crumbling ruins lave;
A Baron bold, whose fame the world did fill,
Of giant stature, and unbending will.

Here, in his hold impregnable and vast
In haughty state stout Rupert's days were passed;
Broad were his lands, unquestioned was his sway,
His will, the law 'twas death to disobey!
Prompt vassals sprang to catch his lightest word,
Proud of their thralldom to so bold a lord,
Fierce in the field, dark-browed, and huge of limb,
His weaker neighbors feared yet honored him!

His was the name, and his the banner dread,
Before whose charge the affrighted Moslem fled,
What time, incautious, o'er the ravished plains
Their plundering bands approached his wide domains,
When weaker nobles, driven from their grounds,
Took refuge in their castles' safer bounds!
The bloody tale few reached their homes to tell,
How on their unguarded flanks fierce Rupert fell;
How, swung by arms of more than mortal might,
One ponderous axe gleamed pitiless and bright,—
Clove skull and bone, crashed stoutest armor through,
While dying Turks groaned their last "Alla hu!"
This was their last vain effort; from that hour
Waned the proud Crescent's erst aggressive power;
And Rupert, flushed with triumph, turned in pride,
To rule despotic o'er the Danube's side.

But not on earth is perfect bliss e'er found.
The tempter plied his trade on Eden's ground,
Nor, since that dreadful day of shame and sin,
Can wall or barrier bar his entering in!

Stout Baron Rupert, in his high estate
Cherished one weakness common to the great,
Ambition to be greater! "In his youth
Had not his prowess won him fame, forsooth?
Were not his valiant deeds on every tongue
Where'er the praise of chivalry was sung?
Did not that brawny arm, long years ago
Win these broad acres from a vanquished foe?
Why rest content with great achievements done,
While fairer provinces might yet be won?"

Thus, when we're blest beyond our merits here,
Some lurking Devil whispers in our ear,
Starts fell ambition from his sleep, or calls
Insurgent Passions forth to storm our walls!

But fate seemed hostile to the Baron's plan.

His monarch, prompt to check a rising man
Whose growing power might trench upon his own,
Scotched the young serpent ere its fangs were grown!
A royal edict, 'neath his seal and hand
Confirmed the hard-won title to his land
By letters-patent, over hill and plain,—
Fixed metes and bounds to Rupert's vast domain;
Sealed the high charter with his signet ring,
But "thus far and no farther, saith the King!"

Hemmed in and hampered by the King's decree,
Fierce Rupert chafed in secret. "Why should he
Who wrested from the foe this fair estate,
And 'gainst the conquering Moslem closed the gate,
Be caged and mewed up in his present bounds,
With naught to amuse him but his horse and hounds,
While mid rich Southern plains, a tempting prize,
O'er mosque and mound the Turk's curst Crescent flies?"

Rupert was wise: 'twere madness at this hour
To brave his monarch's wrath, and breast his power!
He yields him to his King, or seems to yield,
And draws his fierce retainers from the field.
But ever thence might Hungary's monarch know
And count his mightiest vassal as his foe!
For, from that hour, in Rupert's seething brain
Couched dark Rebellion, fierce to break his chain!

The Baron had a son, a gallant youth,—
Strong, fearless as himself,—the soul of truth,
The flower of chivalry; famed, far and near
For feats of daring ere his twentieth year,
At which our tale begins. His was the blow
First in the chase to lay the gaunt wolf low,
Or, in its woody haunts, beyond his train,
Stretch the grim, white-tusked boar upon the plain!
No spear in Hungary 'gainst his could stand,
No skill or strength resist his matchless brand!

WILFRED his name. His frame, well-knit and tall,
Conspicuous shone at tournament or ball;
His form, the embodiment of stately grace,
Matched the frank beauty of his manly face;
And the calm glances of his dark blue eye
Spoke of a gentle heart and courage high.

This son, his haughty sire, (who loved him well
But loved ambition more,) so legends tell,
Had pledged, in furtherance of his deep-laid plans
To wed the daughter of Count Rosencrans,
His ally and sworn friend. And oft of late
As Wilfred swiftly grew to man's estate,
The Baron 'gan to hint, in cautious phrase,
Of plans long cherished, and of coming days
"When, with some high-born lady for his mate,
His gallant son should magnify his state;
And, linking to their cause a friendly power,
Prepare to seize Fate's first auspicious hour,
And see, if Hungary's King would say them nay,
When his best Barons swore to have their way!"

Thus did the warlike sire his plans impart,
And seek to plant ambition in his heart.
And thirst for fame, so potent with the young;
But Wilfred ominously held his tongue,
Or answered still, in youth's indifferent way,
" 'Twould do to talk about some future day."

The Baron, anxious grown, yet loath to press
The matter, knowing Love is fetterless,
And scorns the semblance of a curb or chain,
Tried all his arts, but found persuasion vain;
Then, grown impatient at the youth's delay,
Grew stern at length, and warned him to obey:

"Count Rosencrans, a Knight well known to fame,
A daughter hath, sole heiress to his name.
Fame speaks her beautiful beyond compare,

Her nature noble, and her virtues rare.
 Her I would have thee wed! Nay, do not frown. —
 Her thou *shalt* wed before the year be flown, —
 Or learn,—what thou of late seem'st doubting still.
 Thy sire hath means to bend thy stubborn will!"

Answered his son, respectful still, and calm:

"Father, to you I owe what'er I am;
 And if my life can liquidate the debt,
 That life I'll yield before the sun is set!
 If aught of service at my hands you ask
 That honor sanctions, freely name the task!
 To wed, where love is not, our honor soils,—
 Conscience forbids, and nature's self recoils!
 False were I to my God, myself, and thee,
 And doubly false to her you'd mate with me.
 If, bitter guerdon to her matchless charms,
 I go, a perjured husband, to her arms!"

A strange look crossed fierce Rupert's swarthy face
 And left it pale as death! He paused a space,
 Strode thrice across the hall to cool his ire,
 Then with forced calmness spoke the offended sire:
 "Fair son of mine, thy words and mien forecast
 A clash of wills,—our first,—'twill be our last!
 Thy *honor*, silly boy! Thy *conscience* too,
 Forbid to give thy sire obedience due!
 A pretty tale, forsooth! and fitter far
 For minstrel wight who twangs the light guitar,
 And sings soft nonsense to weak maiden's ear,
 Than thou, a Knight to tell thy sire to hear!
 Hear then *my* word! This night, outside the gate,
 A mounted convoy shall thy coming wait.
 Inquire not where thou goest, nor seek to know
 More of thy fate than that I choose to show;
 In strict seclusion, in a lonely tower
 Thou shalt remain a prisoner from this hour;

Guards shall thy safety vouch, thy wants supply,—
Remain, and live,—seek to escape, and die!
There, ample space thy leisure may afford
To ponder o'er thy sire's unheeded word!
When next I see thee, boy, thy part will be,
To wed the noble mate I choose for thee,—
Or, if thy stubborn will still holds its sway
The world will lose thee from that fatal day!
Back to thy prison sent, a living tomb,
Thy name, thy fame, shall perish in its gloom!
Thy vaunted strength, thy skill in arms no more
Shall win renown;—thy short career is o'er!
No more thy lance, well poised, shall drink the life
Of snarling wolf, or end the tourney's strife.
There yet is time! one word, rash boy, will save
Thy youth's fair promise from a living grave!
Thou wilt not speak—I know thy pride!—'tis well,—
We meet not soon again. Till then farewell!
This much I ask—thy promise, ere we part,
To keep thy name, thy rank, locked in thy heart!
And thy parole that, till the year be flown
Thy boasted honor be thy guard alone,
To keep thee in thy bounds. "Thou'lt not rebel?"
I know thy truth, good son! Again, farewell!"

When our first parents fled through Eden's gate,
The mighty forest, piteous of their fate
Stretched its vast arms above their shrinking forms,
And gave them shelter from the sun and storms!
Beneath its leafy screen their homes they made,—
Among its giant trunks their children played;—
Till, urged by growing needs, with growing skill
They learned to hew, and frame, and carve at will.
Soon, human habitations rose to view,
Vast temples reared their spires, and cities grew!

Then man, crowned King of forest, field and plain,
Casts wistful eyes across the trackless main,—
Scans the horizon where, from waters blue
Low, verdant isles rise dimly into view;—
Then to the forest turns; beneath his strokes,
Fall with resounding crash its mighty oaks!
His skillful hands their shapely outlines hew,
Burn their hard hearts, and launch the light canoe.
Soon, bolder grown, he seeks the broader seas,
And mighty ships spread canvas to the breeze,
Whose outstretched wings bear Commerce on her way,
And Empire, eager to extend her sway;
And blest Religion, with the holy Word,
Till Earth's remotest isles shall praise the Lord!
Thus doth the Forest, hospitable still,
Befriend and shelter man, through good and ill,
In youth and age alike his constant friend,—
Nor even in death doth its kind service end;
His bier, his coffin, and the cypress tree
That shades his tomb, kind forest, come from thee!

Deep in a vast, unbroken solitude
In sylvan shade a lonely Fortress stood,
Built in those days when the advancing Turk
Gave Europe all she craved of bloody work!
'Twas on the verge of Rupert's wide domain,
Where wood-crowned hills descend to wooded plain,—
Where snow-capped mountains in the sunlight glow,
And deeper mark their shadowy flanks below.
No life seems near, save what its walls enfold,
And the few guards who round this lonely hold
Keep sullen watch and ward. No sound is heard,
Save the shrill whistle of some passing bird,
Or howl of wolf, or mountain eagle's yell,
Re-echoing weirdly through the darkling dell!

Within the fort, little does Wilfred find
To charm the senses or beguile the mind.
Of massive rocks, rough-hewn, the walls were made
Cemented each to each. A dim light strayed
Through barred embrasures, struggling through the gloom,
And but half lighting up each sombre room;
No ornaments the blackened timbers bore
From smoke-stained overlays to puncheon floor,
Save where, from darkened niche or rafter brown,
Fierce boars'-head grinned, or antlered stag looked down,
Or wolf's gaunt jaws, or wild-cat's glaring eyes
Spoke the rude skill which dressed the hunter's prize.

Scant furniture it held: a pallet rude;
A table; benches, from the neighboring wood
Rough-hewn; some narrow shelves, on which were stored
A few choice souvenirs,—a precious hoard.
His harp, once loved, unvalued and unstrung,
Beside his useless sword neglected hung!
Near these, from the dark wall, all out of place
It seemed, looked down his sainted mother's face,
(Taken when young—alas, too young she died!)
Yet harp and face were fitly side by side,—
Both seemed to typify the loved and dead,—
The semblance present, but the spirit fled!

Around the walls, on wooden brackets hung
His knightly armor,—for the lad was young,
Nor had the false humility to hide
These tokens of an honorable pride!
Such pride the soldier hath, who, doomed to die,
Dons his best trappings as the hour draws nigh,—
His stars and medals on his breast arrayed,
Steps proudly forth to death, in Dress Parade!

Hither had Wilfred come. His courage high
Scorned weak complaint, and checked each rising sigh;
Inured to hardship, little did he care

How rude his couch, how simple was his fare!
Each bare, black wall, each dimly-lighted room,
Matched but too well his spirit's sullen gloom,
While angry passions raged, but half suppressed
And just resentment fired his youthful breast!

And here, like prisoned panther, day by day
He paced with restless steps the hours away,
Nor cared to extend his walks, so dark his mood,
Nor scarce look forth beyond the narrow rood
The palisades enclosed—nor deigned to test
His jailor's courteous offer, kindly pressed,
Of steed and tendance, should he wish to ride,
Or, for his walks, a trusty squire and guide.

It chanced, one morning, while the Spring was young,
When her first verdure on the branches hung
That swept the windows of the woodland tower,
Filling the air with breath of leaf and flower,—
Wilfred, half-dreaming lay. A gentle mood
Had soothed in part the fever of his blood;
And Hope, descending with the breath of Spring,
In his bruised heart her siren song 'gan sing!
While thus in listless mood our hero lay,
And dreamed the idle hours of morn away,
A girlish voice was heard! At first so low
And faintly did its murmuring accents flow,
His half-awakened senses deemed it still
But the low cadence of the mountain rill;
Then, as the silvery accents rose and fell
His ear and heart took in their meaning well.

SONG.

What is life to souls that mourn?

What is Spring to heart that's sere?

Vernal flowers and birds return

-

But Winter's gloom shrouds all my year!
What to me is morning bright,—
What the clear sky's liquid blue?
Souls bowed down by sorrow's might
Naught of heavenly beauty view!
Happy heart whose love is free!
Life for such is endless Spring,
Darkest night shall lighted be
By Love's auroral shimmering!
Birds shall sing from leafless tree,—
Roses bloom 'neath Winter's snow,
Where both heart and hand are free,—
Where love and plight together go!

"Some peasant maid," he thought, "or soldier's child,
Sharing his exile in this forest wild.
A lonely lot, poor maid! Yet voice more sweet,
(Though fraught with pain,) mine ears did never greet
In lordly hall, or high-born lady's bower!
Strange, that a peasant's voice should have such power
To thrill my soul, my startled sense to chain,
And wake to life my deadened heart again!
Yet 'tis not strange. Our serfs mid want and care
Solace their sordid toils with music rare;
Harps twang in humblest huts, and from among
Their rough-chinked walls ring forth rich bursts of song.
Poor child! Is not her lonely lot enough,
With poverty and toil, companions rough—
Doomed thus by cruel destiny to dwell
Like grey-beard hermit in his sunless cell,
But e'en *her* peasant heart must not be free
To wed its choice? Must she be sold, like me,
To satisfy ambition's fierce desire,
Or swell the fortunes of some churlish sire?"

Thus mused young Wilfred when the song had ceased,
And though with every day the wish increased
(Fed by odd scraps of intercepted song
Caught up by random winds and borne along,
To meet the peasant maid who sang so well,
His pride forbade,—and fear to break the spell!
“What if the voice he joyed to hear, were joined
To rude, coarse features, and a vulgar mind?
And those soft accents rose, so sweetly pure,
From the low daughter of some red-faced boor,
Whose plow-boy lover had proved false, or grown
To slight the love too lightly made his own!”
And so the days went by, till favoring fate
Brought a chance meeting at the outer gate!

’Twas a bright morning in the month of May
When Wilfred, casting gloomy pride away,
Stept first beyond the gates. On every side
Dark forests, newly leaved, stretched far and wide,
Save where small fields of grain, in darker green,
Rich with their springtime promise, showed between.
Beyond, high towering o’er the forest-wall,
Dark mountains rose, whence many a waterfall
Flashed in the sun; and many a height was crowned
With wreath of snow on its bare summit bound!

Long gazed our hero on the varied scene,
And longer would have looked, but that between
The landscape and the lad, a vision sped,
Might tempt St. Anthony to raise his head,
And lay his book aside! A youthful maid
Before him stood; her graceful form arrayed
In plainest garb. Her morning dress of white
Well suited to a day so warm and bright,
Could boast no ornament to lend it grace,
Save, to confine its flowing folds in place,
An azure scarf, whose fringes reached the ground,

Was loosely o'er her shapely shoulders bound,
Circling her slender waist before it fell,
And helped define her matchless figure well.
'Twas such a simple dress as might array
A burgher's daughter in that early day,—
Save that its lack of jewels might confess
Her *taste* was better or her *wealth* was less!
But there was something in her look and mien,—
Some charm of manner, easy to be seen
But harder to define—a native grace,
Self-poise, and dignity in form and face,
That filled the stranger with a glad surprise,
Before her wondrous beauty charmed his eyes!

A bright young face, whose eyes, like morning dew,
From May's clear heavens stole their liquid blue;
Nor stopt alone their coloring to secure
But drew expression from that fountain pure!
Checks, where the rose did with the lily blend;
Lips, which the rose alone did color lend,
Yet, were you blessed to touch them once, you'd swear
You found the honeysuckle's sweetness there!
To frame her picture, nature paused to throw
Soft, massy ringlets o'er a brow of snow,
That, round her slender neck descending, lay
Rich with the sunlight of the golden day!

Rapt by such vision in so strange a place,
Young Wilfred stopt, and gazed an awkward space,
Blocking the way! Thus Balaam, all amazed,
Of old upon the unlooked-for angel gazed;
Then, with quick homage, such as courtier pays
To high-born dame, his cap he hastes to raise
And, all respectful, speaks: "If I offend,
Or undue freedom use, my unknown friend,
By offering speech which usage might deny,
Hear my excuse and judge. A prisoner I,—

In durance held, yet for no fault or crime,
 I bide within this fortress for a time!
 My rank, my name alike forbid to tell,—
 Why prisoned here, and where I erst did dwell,
 This much I say,—believe it if you can
 Of prisoner wight—I am a gentleman!
 Further I'd speak with you, if you'll allow,—
 But if you doubt me, pass and leave me now!"

Answered the maiden: "Courtesy should teach
 'Twere churlish to refuse a captive speech!
 And so, Sir Prisoner, what you have to say,
 How I may serve you, freely tell, I pray!"

"One question first: Whom do I now address?"

"Sir Prisoner, *that* I leave you free to guess!"

"Enough! No right have I to ask *your* name
 (My own withheld), nor whence nor why you came
 To this blank solitude? But may I know
 If yours the lute whence mournful murmurs flow,
 And yours the voice from whose sad plaints I gain,
 Its owner's heart is not all free from pain?"

She started,—blushed; then rallying, answered light:
 "Be not inquisitive, oh captive Knight!
 Weird wilds are these! Those plaintive notes may flow
 From airy sprites that haunt the glen below!
 Our lives have mysteries we may not tell
 Howe'er we would. Let mine in silence dwell!
 Suffice to know this much: I tarry here,
 Like you, a portion of this passing year.
 Like you, I scarce remain from choice, and yet
 No prisoner am I. And, since we've met
 It may be in my power, while here I stay
 To serve you, if you'll frankly point the way."

"In truth", he said, "small service I require;
 My jailors furnish shelter, food and fire.
 'Twould be a lout indeed would fault his fare,

Enough for health, though plain and coarse it were!
Or his rough bed and board. A soldier I,
Unused to life of ease and luxury;
And, but that idlesse chafes my fretful mood,
And rank injustice stirs rebellious blood;
And thoughts of what I was, and what might be
So I might but regain my liberty,—
And but for clouds that blot my future's sky,
None would repine less at his lot than I!
Enough of this; And, while I may not seek
To question more what you are loth to speak,
Before I turn me to my prison den,
Say, may I hope to see you soon again?"

"Sir Prisoner," said the maid, with glance askant,
"Twere vain to promise what one may not grant!
Your guards—my duties, may not leave us free
Were such our wish; fitter perhaps 'twould be,
Since Fate has sealed our lips, and drawn her veil
Around our lives—and since the painful tale
That binds us to these wilds we may not tell,
Here where by chance we've met we say farewell!
My duties call me now,—I may not stay;
Your guard, too, waits; Sir Prisoner, good day!"

Wilfred was young—his early life had sped
In active sports and toils; the life he led
Before his exile, left him little space
For Love's soft blandishments or Beauty's grace!
His horse, his hounds, his bugle's stirring note,—
His blade, deep drinking from the wild boar's throat,—
The straining chase of stag up mountain side,—
The wolf's fierce howl as on his spear it died,—
These were his boyish joys; but when at rest,
Music had power to soothe his boyish breast;
And oft, when evening closed on daily care,
His harp's wild notes trilled on the moonlit air!

But those were stirring times. The Turk still tried
To advance the Crescent,—and, in sullen pride
Checked, but not conquered, showed unbroken front,
And Hungary, that alone had borne the brunt
And held the Moslem back, still stood at bay,
And, like a lion, barred his onward way!
And jarring factions, in the ceaseless storm
Of states chaotic moulding into form,
Bred constant broils; so knights with fame in view
Found fields enough, and ample work to do.

And thus it was, like many a youthful knight
Who joyed in sports, and kept his armor bright
For stirring chase, or skirmish with the foe,
Little of woman's ways did Wilfred know!
His warlike sire cared little to engage
In the few pleasures of that warlike age,
But kept his state in gloomy grief and pride
Since the sad morning when his lady died!
No high-born dames, no ladies bright and gay
To Rupert's Castle cared to wend their way,
No social rite, nor youth-enlivening ball
Cheered the grim silence of the lofty hall!
But stern, scarred veterans stood, respectful still,
And silent vassals waited on his will!

I think our hero did not much regret
His promised bride and he had never met!
An union planned by two ambitious sires,
In the pledged pair but little zeal inspires!
So, when Count Rosencraus, with courteous grace
Urged the lad off to visit at his place,
(Distant but fifty leagues)—which rich in game,
Drew hunters from afar the sport to claim.—
And the Count's wealth, though boundless as the sea,
Yet scarcely matched his hospitality.—
While many a fair excuse he made, and sent

Polite regrets, somehow he never went!

Small wonder, then, when beauty, wit and grace
 United met him in this lonely place,
 This one bright picture on a dead-blank wall
 Filled his young thoughts; and when soft night 'gan fall,
 His harp, roused by some impulse undefined,
 Poured forth once more its accents on the wind!

SONG.

Dark though the night may be
 Stars will shine brighter,—
 Dark though the wintry sea,
 Sails gleam the whiter!
 Waves fierce to whelm our boats
 Lift them on dry land,—
 Oft the wrecked sailor floats
 To some fair island!

Man's wrath and willfulness,
 God makes to praise him,—
 Bowed down by sore distress,
 Heaven's power can raise him!
 Hope be our anchor still
 Though the storm rattle!
 To the unconquered will
 God gives life's battle!

Who to himself is true
 Need fear no treason!
 Honor and virtue too
 Shine though in prison.
 Honor and virtue both
 Are that maid's dower
 Who yields her plighted troth

But to Love's power!

Scarce had the echoing harp-notes died away
When a sweet voice below took up the lay;—
So strange yet natural did its sequence seem,
Wilfred half thought at first 'twas but a dream;
Yet, as he listened, felt with joy new-born
'Twas the sweet songstress of the former morn!

SONG—Continued by the maid:

Grandly the eagle soars
Where winds battle sorest,
Fiercely the lion roars
Lord of the Forest!
Shame to him if he bend
Neck to the yoking,
Or eagle to earth descend,
Where ravens sit croaking!
Knight should like lion stand,
Scorning oppression,—
Hope of his native land,
Shield of the nation!
Knight should like eagle rise,
In high endeavor,—
O'er earthly mists that rise,
Darkening ever!
Ever shall victory
Perch on his banner.
Champion of liberty.
Slave but to honor,—
Ever in Woman's love
Be his rank regal,
True as the mated dove,
Bold as the eagle!

CHAPTER II.

Love cares not for conditions: shady grove
And crowded town, alike have room for Love !
No wilderness so dense, no plain so bare,
No busy mart, or crowded thoroughfare,—
No lordly palace hall, or queenly bower,
No humble cottage, but hath felt his power.
No dingy garret wall, where cobwebs fall
Festooned and dusty o'er the blackened wall,
No prison-cell, no dungeon foul and damp
But Love can light it with his wizard lamp!
Love cheers the peasant's toil, the monarch's state,—
Lifts up the low, and levels down the great;
Mates sovereigns with serfs,—has brushed away
Barriers of caste since King Cophetua's day !
Love laughs at codes not based on Nature's law;
Love bows to none but God. The Creator saw
Man's loneliness, and pitied him; and made
A fitting mate. In wealth of charms arrayed,

Love took her by the hand with reverent air,
And to rapt Adam led the blushing fair;
Love taught his tongue to plead, and lit his eyes
With fires to melt her heart. Her answering sighs
Were Love's response; then Adam, bolder grown,
Inspired by rapture lent by Love alone,
Clasped to his arms and heart his new-made bride
And Heaven was pleased, and Love was sanctified!
No marriage since is ratified above
Save man and wife are joined by sacred Love!

When noble youth and lovely maiden meet
Where all around is painful solitude,—
When, day by day none other they may greet,—
When their young hearts are in the melting mood,
And both are heart-free else, what were the good
In poet idly toying with the truth,
Like angler with his trout? The end is sure,—
The youth will love the maid, the maid the youth
And 'twill be so while Youth and Love endure.

They met again, be sure,—this youth and maid,
In the same place, beneath a yew-tree's shade,
One bright May morning, earlier than before,
By chance or impulse: and, their greeting o'er,
They sat them down, in youth's informal way
And talked of what, I can't pretend to say!
What did *we* talk about when we were young,
Our gentle dames and we? If from the tongue
Of age or ugliness such nothings fell
Doubtless they'd charm us less! Perhaps 'tis well
We're not too critical, or not too wise
When young,—or Love's bright glamour fills our eyes,
Which conjures rose-tints forth in dullest light.
I can't explain, but doubt not, Love is right!

'Twould almost seem they'd little to discuss.
Science was then a babe. Things that to us
Are common as the air, were then unknown.
No printed books had they. The pair had grown
With learning scarce enough, between the two,
To read and write withal. Schools then were few.
Then, scholars held the Earth a sea-girt plain,—
The Sun her satellite, who in the main
Dipped his hot forehead nightly in the West,—
Dove deep, and reared at morn his ruddy crest
From Eastern seas; the obsequious starry host,
And the fair moon, now full, now wholly lost,
But lighted lamps, in the vast vault of blue,
To cheer the night, and guide the doubtful crew,
When landmarks faded on the darkening shore,—
Hung at great height—a thousand miles or more!
No compass steered their venturous ships afar,
And with sure finger marked the Polar star!
No ships, steam-driven, plowed the distant main,—
No cars rushed through their towns; across the plain
No lightning steed, with wings of flashing light
Dashed with the news; beneath the billows bright
No magic wire, through ocean's caverns bore
Flashes of thought to Earth's remotest shore!
In war, the stoutest won. No guns had they
To strike a foeman half a mile away.
When stalwart Knight hewed paths to victory
No bayonet, braced beside his foeman's knee
Pierced his fierce charger's breast; or whizzing ball
Tumbled Sir Knight in most unknighly fall!
No half-ton shell crushed in the oaken side
Of ship that bolstered Spain's, or Denmark's pride,
(Then mighty on the seas)—no belching mine
Dashed citadel and tower in fragments fine!
No treacherous torpedo lurked unseen,

To blow huge ships to atoms; 'neath the green
And glassy wave no wire in ambush lay.
Touched the charged reef, and rent its rocks away!
Their creeds were crude. They thought their sluggish blood
(Though warmed by love, or stirred by angry mood)
Ne'er galloped through their veins; (a sad mistake;
Their blood made faster time ours can make!)
Their Sun not then had learned the artist's trade,
Nor the swift Press to the slow scribe brought aid,
And scattered broadcast, for her sons to find
The gathered sheaves of Earth's vast field of mind!

'Twere long to tell the things they did *not* know,—
Yet their young world wagged on! Stout boys could grow,
And fair girls bloom; and men not all were fools,
Ere vaunting Science framed her doubtful rules.
Nature was teacher then; and, taught by her,
Sprang many a poet, sage, philosopher!
Men noted Nature's laws, and wrote them down,
Which Science stole, and passed them for her own;
But clipped and stretched, and shrunk and multiplied
Till truth, confused, oft lost her cue, and lied!

Excuse digression. This was kindly made
To give them time to talk beneath the shade.
The prisoner and the maiden. Be it known
They scarcely noted how the time had flown,
So occupied they were! They'd much to tell,
Although forbidden much; and when the bell
For noon aroused them, and, with sudden start,
The lady, blushing, made excuse to part,
Though naught in words was pledged, 'twas passing plain
'Twould be short parting till they met again!
She knew him but as WILFRED, and she gave
ULRICA as the name she wished to have.
They met and parted friends. But Cupid knew
His trade thus early, and his aim was true!

The roguish archer saw them sitting there,—
Got them in range and pierced the unwary pair!
They were too thoughtless then to note the wound,
But to the end of life its scars were found!

Their interviews grew frequent. As the year
Donned her bright Summer robes, the guard austere
Relaxed his rigor, and allowed the pair
Long walks together in the morning air.
At length, attended still by guard and guide
Their friendly jailor lent them steeds to ride,
On their parole of honor; yet, 'twas seen,
One sturdy horseman of determined mien
Ne'er left them far. Respectful, yet severe
He left them free, but kept them ever near!

Sweet were these strolls beneath the forest trees,
Where fragrant pines breathed health on every breeze;
Through whose dark branches would more brightly gleam
The leaping waters of each mountain stream,
Down from the highlands tumbling in its glee
To join the billows of the distant sea.
Birds caroled in the branches overhead;
Beneath, her richest carpet Nature spread,
Fairer than graced the imperial divan
Or harem of the conquering Solymán!

Sometimes they slowly climbed the mountain trail,
Where dizzy heights o'erlooked the wooded vale;
Beneath, stretched endless plains in deepest shade,
Save where warm sunlight o'er the branches played.
Afar, on cloudless days, were dimly seen
The distant sea, and the faint line between
Blue waves and bluer sky—hid, here and there
By peaks, uplifting high their heads in air!
Eastward, half screened by forests dark and grey
With distance, the Blue Danube rolled away,
Resistless toward the sea;—a ribbon bright

It glittered in the morning's early light,
But seen at evening, changing aye its hue,
Stretched o'er the plain a band of darkest blue.
Thus bright doth Life in youth's fair morning gleam,—
Thus dark its current doth at evening seem!

Far to the West rose mountain ranges high,
Snow-crowned, and glittering 'gainst the azure sky,
And treading to the South; each huge range wore
Its dark-fringed cape of firs; descending more,
The pine-trees darkling stand; then, as we near
The plain, stout oak and mountain ash appear.
The maple here its shapely branches spreads,
And lofty chestnuts rear their useful heads;
Here, lowly haws and fruitful plum-trees grow,
And grapes and berries bless the plain below.

'Tis thus with men! Kings, raised to high estate,
On their lone heights shine, cold and desolate;
Then, haughty peers, ranged next below the throne,
In phalanx dark, exclusive hold their own;
Descending to life's lower walks, we see
Man mix with man, regardless of degree;
The strong, the wise, the useful, and the good,
Meet on a plane of common brotherhood!

Oft in their rambles, gazing toward the west,
A sigh, half smothered, heaved the maiden's breast,
And, checked, not silenced, fell on Wilfred's ear;
And oft his eyes surprised a starting tear,
Brushed hastily away. He longed to ask
Its cause, and give himself the envied task
To comfort and advise! Such wish was vain,
Where even questioning looks gave added pain!

They talked of all things save themselves: the stream
Dashing o'er rocky bed: the hawk's shrill scream;
The eagle circling overhead; the deer
Roused from his lair, and starting, wild with fear;

The chamois' daring leap o'er crag and fen;
 The prowling wolf that, near her rocky den
 Skulked with her young; of music, minstrelsy,—
 Of war, and battles; feats of chivalry;
 Of heroes known to fame; of lady bright,
 Saved by the prowess of some gallant knight.
 And ever as they talked, her glance would stray
 And rest on Wilfred in a questioning way!
 "Who *was* this stranger youth? Whence had he come?
 What grave offense had banished him from home?
 No sin 'gainst Honor, she would gage her life!
 Some local feud, with which the times were rife,
 Or bold resistance to some tyrant's power,"
 She thought, and stamped him HERO from that hour!

What were *his* musings, as his glances warm
 Dwelt on that lovely face, and graceful form,—
 Watched her bright eyes, now lit by feeling's fire,
 Now touched with pity, now with generous ire,
 At tales of war, or suffering, or of crimes
 Such as were rife in those tumultuous times;—
 Those deep, unfathomed eyes, which met his own,
 And flashed a secret told by eyes alone,
 And woke, responsive, in his youthful breast
 A passion scarcely to himself confessed?

Little he questioned what her rank had been;
 To him she was a lady—nay, a queen!
 What though she dwelt unknown in woodland tower,
 Mid soldiers' wives; and that the chief in power.
 The Captain of the post, her uncle passed,
 His kindly wife her aunt? Though Fate had cast
 Her life among the lowly, well he knew
 No peasant maid was this! Where'er it grew,
 This flower of regal grace, whate'er its name,
 Or where its home, from no low garden came;
 But, found in royal grounds, or blooming free

Unknown, proclaims its sweet nobility !

One morn, our hero, in a careless way
Spoke of his armor that all idle lay
Or hung within the hall; whereat the maid
Begged him to don it,—and in masquerade
Herself would borrow from her uncle's store
Some fitting garb, such as fair ladies wore
At tournaments of old. "She'd seen," she said,
"Somewhere within the tower, securely laid
In chest of oak, (some ancient grandam's dower)
Such dress as might suffice to suit the hour;
Let him, then, arm himself, as warrior wight,
With tall plume streaming o'er his helmet bright,
Wear his good sword at side,—take spear and shield,
Hang axe at saddle-bow, and to the field
Ride forth, full armed: their guardsman should purvey
A fitting steed; they three should wend their way
As to the lists where knighthood wins renown,
Where Valor fights, and Beauty gives the crown;
Where he, an errant-knight, a lance might break,
For knighthood's honor and fair lady's sake!"

Laughing, but not ill-pleased, the youth consents,
And, like Achilles hastening to his tents
To arm him for the field, that fateful day
Which saw great Hector gasp his soul away,—
So to his prison-hall gay Wilfred speeds,
Bent more on frolic than on knightly deeds;
Takes his neglected armor from its place,
(His jailor helping;) hastes the greaves to lace,
The steel-ribbed mail to clasp; claps spur on heel,
And casque on head, with cape of woven steel;
Draws steel-clad gauntlet o'er each sinewy wrist
Lest, when an erring saber-stroke hath missed
The helmet's shining mark, an awkward glance
Lop the strong hand that wields the sword or lance.

Then, barbed steed is brought, 'a mighty grey,
Used for such task on many a tourney day;
A gentle palfrey, such as ladies ride,
With silken trappings decked, stands at his side,
Led by the ever-present guard, who plays
A squire's prompt part; and, never smiling, says:
"The Countess tarries near the Castle gate,
And I, her humble satellite, await,
To her fair presence proud to lead his way
Who dares break lance in Beauty's cause to-day!"
Then gave the knight his rein. Soon, winding round
The woodland road, they reached the open ground
Beyond the Fort; and there, in mirthful mood,
A lady, fair as birth and noble blood
And wealth of rich attire, and lofty mien,
And royal grace which well might fit a queen,
And beauty such as seldom queen possessed,
And noble soul, outweighing all the rest,—
(Fair as Heaven's gifts could make her) stood arrayed
In all her charms, this wondrous mountain maid!

A velvet cap she wore, with jewels twined,
From which one snowy plume streamed to the wind;
A silken scarf was round her shoulders thrown,
In easy folds, clasped by one gem alone,
That sparkled on her bosom. It was brought
From far Golconda's mines,—but rivaled not,
(So Wilfred thought) the brighter lustre found
In the sweet wearer's eyes. Trailed to the ground
A velvet skirt—and peeping shy between
Its folds, her dainty jeweled shoes were seen.
From golden band at wrist, a whip was hung,
And at her waist an ivory whistle swung,
Worn by fair riders of that troublous day,
To sound alarm if danger crossed their way.

Long looked they when they met, nor strove to hide

The glow of pleasure, and the flush of pride
They felt at meeting; and the rapturous thrill
Of mutual admiration, sweetened still
By sense that each was pleased! With courtly air
The knight lifts to her seat the waiting fair,
Then mounts his steed, and with the stalwart guide
They move in state toward the mountain side,—
Their goal a level space high up the hill
Where oft the three had rested. 'Twas her will
The lady said, that there the lists should be.
—In truth it suited well. A canopy
Of branching pines o'erhung a grassy mound.
Whence lookers-on might view the tourney-ground.
Beneath, stretched wide a level, treeless space
Girt in by rocky ledge. It seemed a place
Formed by man's art in some primeval day,—
An amphitheatre in half decay.
Built centuries ago. It was a spot
Known by the soldiers as the Wizard's Grot,
From darksome cavern near,—whence, legends told,
Grim ghostly knights, beneath the moonlight cold,
Rode forth afloat, while on the mound were seen
Phantoms of lord and lady, king and queen,
Cheering with upraised arms and hollow shout,
While spectral marshals waved their wands about!

Little did Wilfred and Ulrica heed
Such idle tales. They added zest indeed
To the mock pageant. Soon they reached the ground,
And she among the rocks some laurel found,
And twined a crown-like wreath; then took her place
On the raised throne, and with a queenly grace
Summoned the knight to arm himself, and break
A lance for country, king, and lady's sake!

Wilfred advanced, with mock-heroic air,
Reined his stout steed, and paused respectful there,

His plumed crest bowed,—while she, with gracious pride,
Bound lady's favors at his helmet's side,
Then bade him forth to battle for the right,
And win the crown decreed to victor knight!
The grim old marshal hands him spear and shield,
Then waves his wand and bids him to the field!
The knight, restraining laughter as he may,
Sets spear in rest, salutes his lady gay,
Sends loud defiance from his bugle's throat,
And waits an answering foe! The stirring note
Had ceased to echo; and the bashful knight
Blushing to find himself in awkward plight
Pitted 'gainst nothing, pondered, sore perplexed,
As all men have at times, "What do we next?"
And on his queen inquiring glances cast,—
When, fierce and sudden rang a bugle blast
From the dark cavern's mouth! Long, loud, and bold
The unseen bugler blew; and straight, behold
A stalwart warrior, armed from head to heel,
Rides slowly forth; his casque of burnished steel
Dazzles the eye; upon his ample breast
Bright armor shines; his lance is couched at rest!
Though his barred visor Wilfred can descry
The baleful lightnings of a flashing eye
Angry and dark. Above, a sable plume
Fits the dark trappings, and the sullen gloom
His bearing shows; his steed, coal-black and strong,
Paws with impatience, prancing slow along
Reined by a sinewy hand, and takes his way
To where an opening 'mong the bowlders grey
Gives entrance to the lists. He halts to throw
A hasty glance upon his wondering foe,
Then, spurring to his place, with lowered lance,
In silence waits the signal to advance!

Wilfred was brave. His courage calm and high,

Ne'er bleached at foe before! He scarce knew why,
But superstitious terror and surprise
A moment paled his cheek and dimmed his eyes!
Well was it then, his dauntless guard stood by
And charged him, by his knightly chivalry
To rouse himself! "This is no spectre foe,
But mortal, like yourself! Too well I know
That steed and rider both," the grim guard said,—
"And wish them both, what you have guessed them, dead
And turned to ghosts indeed! Then rouse thee, knight!
Thy life, thy honor, hang upon this fight!
Thy lady's fate!—ah, *now* I see thee start!
I'll trust thee now! act but a knightly part,
And thou shalt conquer! To thyself be true!
I'll to my post,—God speed thee, and adieu!"

The marshal sounds the charge; the knights advance,
Spur their fierce steeds and poise the fateful lance;
With thundering crash they meet in swift career,
The riders reel, and splintered is each spear,
But neither falls. His sword the stranger drew,
And sprang to attack his enemy anew,
'Gainst tourney rules. Then, prompt, the marshal spurred
His horse between; but ere his voice was heard
A scream of terror rose; and turning round
They saw Ulrica struggling on the mound,
Dragged by two ruffians thence, with brutal force
To where a third led up a saddled horse,
Destined for such fair freight! But she was young,
And fear lent strength to struggle, and her tongue
Shrieked loud for help, and called on Wilfred's name!
Swift to the rescue knight and guardsman came
As steeds could rush. His sword fierce Wilfred drew
And at one blow the foremost ruffian slew;
But ere his arm won back the reeking blade
A ringing sword-stroke on his helmet played

Aimed fiercely from behind! The stranger knight
Had followed fast, and joined the unequal fight.
Well chanced it then his blow took slanting course
Else it had cleft his skull. Its erring force
Averted, glanced and gashed his charger's side,
Drew from the cruel wound a crimson tide,
And made him wild with pain. He reared him high,
And wheeling, swiftly brought his rider nigh
To his fierce foe. Then face to face they met,
And broadsword clashed on broadsword reeking yet
With blood of man and beast. Like iron hail
Blow after blow fell fast on ringing mail,
Till Wilfred, rising, dealt a mighty stroke,
When at the hilt his treacherous weapon broke!

'The exultant foe beheld his loss, and wheeled,
Tossed to the earth his now unneeded shield,—
Laughed a low, scornful laugh, and taunting said;
"Look now thy last on earth—thy days are sped!"
Grasped with firm hand his hilt, then forward pressed
And aimed a fearful blow at Wilfred's crest!
But Wilfred quailed not! Answer made he none,
But backward reined his steed, the blow to shun,—
Then grasped his heavy axe at pommel hung,—
High o'er his head the ponderous weapon swung,
Dashed back the sword that barred its downward course
And crashing onward with resistless force
Pierced helmet, skull, and brain! A stifled moan,—
A heavy fall to earth,—a dying groan,—
A living mortal changed to lifeless clod,—
A sin-stained spirit sent to meet its God!

Short space had Wilfred for sad thoughts. He turned
Toward the low mound, and at a glance soon learned
That work was still to do. His faithful guard
Matched 'gainst his ruffian foe, had pressed him hard
And borne him to the ground; his cries for aid

Brought the third villain,—he who from the glade
Led up the saddled horse. He left the steed
And ran to help his comrade in his need.
The guardsman knew not of his second foe,
Still grappling with the first; a treacherous blow
Had slain him there, had not Ulrica sprung
And on the upraised arm tenacious hung,
And shrieked for aid. This Wilfred saw and heard,
And leaping from his horse without a word
Rushed to her rescue. Little time I ween
Had the doomed wretch to pray! Scarce had he seen
The striding shadow of his vengeful foe,
Ere, neath the axe his severed head lay low!

Short work 'twas then for knight and squire to bind
The wounded prisoner. Wilfred joyed to find
All scathless save himself. His faithless mail
Through severed links had let the spear prevail,—
Not heeded then; but when unclasped, 'twas found
A cruel gash wept blood upon the ground;
And faint he sudden grew. The anxious guard
Brought water from the spring; the maid prepared
Fit bandage; then her silken scarf she bound
With tender care his bleeding side around;
Rejoiced and wept by turns; and fondly now
Pillowed his head, and bathed his aching brow;
Murmured fond, pitying words; then, reckless quite,
Called him her savior, hero, valiant knight!
“No boon should fail him that 'twas hers to give;
Oh, she would gladly die that he might live!”

Not strange, that when the guard for help had gone,—
And the dear girl watched with her knight alone,—
While winds sighed gently in the pines above,
And naught but Heaven looked down upon their love,
His drooping head on her warm shoulder pressed,
While gratitude and pity filled her breast.

Their youthful lips should meet, and taste the bliss
Vouchsafed but once, of Love's first rapturous kiss!

Sworn lovers from that hour, I need not tell
How tenderly she nursed him, nor how well;
How the whole world, of late so roseatè grown,
Held but one hero, and that one her own!
How in her waking thoughts, or happy dreams,
That hero lover ever present seems,—
Gilds her dull life,—lightens her daily care,—
Lives in each hope, and breathes in every prayer!
Nor need I write for novel-reading maid
Or amorous youth, the tender nothings said,—
Those sweet low words that half their meaning take
From lexicons which love and passion make!
Nor need I tell, while fair Ulrica's art
Healed Wilfred's side, Love's arrows filled his heart;
That in his after-years, till life's dim even
Those happy hours seemed foretaste sweet of Heaven;
Those prison walls with its blest mansions vied,
With one dear angel ever at his side!

But I digress,—'tis my besetting sin.

The soldiers came at length, and brought them in,
The living and the dead. The wounded knave
Called for a priest, and, part his soul to save,
And part his body from the hangman's noose,
Told his brief tale, garnished with oaths profuse,
And curses on his luck, and on the knight
Who killed his "pals", and whipt them in the fight:

"Our master was the bold Count Constantine,
Dead, now, you see, God rest him! and, in fine,
The Count admired the lady of the play
That came off in the mountains yesterday!
Her sire denied his suit, as did the maid,
And sent her off in hiding, part afraid
The lawless Count might pounce, and seize his dove,

And part, that he had chosen another love
For his unwilling daughter. Let that pass;
Small care have *I* who wins the silly lass!
We tracked her for the Count, and found her here
Snug quartered in the Fort. By skulking near
We saw the maiden much consoled, good sooth,
By horseback rambles with a strapping youth!
This word we brought our master, and he swore
He'd join in their next ride! The day before,
The lad, the lady, and their guide had passed
In loitering near the Grot. We came as fast
As steeds could gallop; but scant time we found
To hide us in the thicket, ere the sound
Of tramping horses told our game was nigh;—
(Easy to find, but hard to bag, say I!)
What freak of fancy sent her in such dress,
And he in armor, is beyond *my* guess!
The Count, our master, bade us take the wood,
Himself, who came full-armed, low crouching stood
Within the cavern, ready at the word
To sally forth, and when his horn we heard
We three should rush to carry off the maid.
While he o'erthrew the others. I'm afraid
The Devil, who through life had stood his friend
Fooled the poor Count at last!—a fitting end
For wicked life, no doubt! And, worst, I bled
And got no gold, nor will not, now he's dead!
And my two comrades killed! Small use, I think,
Crying o'er milk that spilt! so pass the drink!"

CHAPTER III.

Love is a rare physician. His the art
To soothe each pain of body, mind and heart.
The mind at rest, the wounded body thrives;
His heart in pain, even though the patient lives
'Tis a half life at best. His pleasures pall,
His spirits droop, and daily duties gall;
Soon he grows weak and sad; slow lags his blood,
And fell disease waits on his languid mood.
Let prosperous Love assert his genial force,
His quickened pulses mark the blood's free course;
Health rides triumphant as its tides rise high
And patients live, whom doctors doom to die!

'Twas thus with Wilfred,—for an ugly wound
The surgeon 'neath his severed corselet found.
The leech did what his scanty skill could teach,
But Love stood by, and proved the abler leech!
The body, only, taxed the surgeon's art,

But Love played doctor to the mind and heart!
 No cooling draught distilled from herb or root
 Matched the sweet soothing of Ulrica's lute;
 No stimulant the surgeon could devise
 Roused like warm glances from those bright blue eyes!
 Her radiant smiles flashed sunshine through the gloom,
 And warmed and brightened up the darkened room.
 Thus health returns beyond the surgeon's hope,
 When Youth and Love with wounds and sickness cope!

One morn, in dreamy mood as Wilfred lay,
 And watched the opening of a summer's day,
 In reverie steeped, on his pleased ear there fell
 The accents of a voice he loved full well;
 The words were simple, but their every tone
 Welled from the heart, and sank into his own:

SONG.

Wake, Sir Knight! The dawn is here;
 Jove to Earth hath kindly sent her;
 Night lies dead upon her bier,—
 Owls and wolves alone lament her!
 Rise, the Sun ascends his throne
 Tips with gold the pine-trees waving,
 Health on every breeze is blown,
 Sweet for healing, strong for saving!

Leave the dark Plutonian shore;—
 Pass from black Night's baleful shadow,—
 Walk forth where the day-beams pour
 Golden floods o'er hill and meadow;
 Where the wild bird sings his lay,—
 Where the deer bounds up the mountain,—

Where the troutlets leaping, play,
Flashing in the sunlit fountain!

Wake, Sir Invalid,—come forth!
Let my helping arm sustain thee!
Though its strength be little worth
It may soothe the wounds that pain thee.
Happy were its owner's lot
All thy cares should rest upon her,
Till thy bonds were all forgot—
Save those that bind to Love and Honor!

Such the bond 'twixt thee and me,—
Chain no human power can sever;
Bond that holds, yet leaves us free,
Tie that binds our souls ^{forever!} together!
God, our Maker, wrought the chain,
Linking hearts in true love plighted!
Art of man shall strive in vain
To break the links His hand united!

Poets have sung of Pleasures,—joys of Sense,
Of Health,—of Peace,—of Wealth,—of Competence;
Pleasures of Hope engage one poet's strain,
While Memory's joys court not the muse in vain;
Imagination's joys some bards rehearse,—
Even Melancholy boasts *her* doleful verse!
Still hath not Poet sung one tuneful word
To make the joys of *Convalescence* heard!

Hail, Convalescence then! thou heavenly Maid
Who from the bright empyrean to the shade
Of Death, or grim Disease, dost wing thy flight,
And lead us back to life, to hope, to light!
Hail, Goddess of the Sick! who takest the hand
Of the prone sufferer, and dost bid him stand;
Then, lead'st him forth where blessed sunshine lies

O'er shining fields, where with weak steps he tries
His long-unused limbs, and joys to find
His muscles yet obey the master-mind!
Earth, air and sky conspire each sense to bless:
Nature ne'er wore before such gorgeous dress!
He sniffs the breeze,—tis redolent of flowers,—
He seeks the wood—tis filled with fairy bowers;
The waves that gently wash the pebbly shore
Through his charmed sense delicious languor pour!
How high the mountains loom,—how huge and grand
The sturdy monarchs of the forest stand!
Never was turf so green, or sky so blue,—
Never seemed life so sweet, or friends so true!
Now appetite returns, with growing powers,—
The immortal gods ne'er tasted food like ours!
How sweet our sleep, how bright our wakings seem,
And both but phases of a happy dream!
Then let kind Heaven but add one other charm,—
Let one but lean on Love's sustaining arm:—
Let his eye rest on her his heart holds dear,—
His ears drink in those tones he loves to hear!
Together let them walk, or sit, or stand
'Neath shady grove, or on old Ocean's strand,—
Warmed by the sun, cooled by the evening breeze,
Lailed by the waves, or screened by friendly trees,—
What youth, what maid, from Adam's day to this
Enjoyed in perfect *health* such perfect bliss?
Let not Hygeia then contemptuous frown
When pale-faced Convalescence claims a crown!

With Health restored, come Duty, Toil, and Care.
We miss the sympathy we're used to share,
Kind tribute to our suffering, hourly heard
In softened tone, in fond or pitying word;
And dull Routine, long banished from our sight,
Crowds in his face, and Business claims his right!

Thus did our lovers bask in Pleasure's rays
Through those too brief, too happy Summer days,
To find at last, as thousands had before,
Time has few jewels in his sordid store!
With health, reflection came. Poor Wilfred knew
His stern old father well; and soon there grew
A vague foreboding he could ill conceal
And dared not yet express. The thought would steal
Like cloud o'er summer sky, to dim his bliss:
"How rude the waking from a dream like this!"
Ulrica, too—her frequent sighs confessed
Some secret sorrow hidden in her breast,—
Sorrow she might not own, but could not hide,
Which damped her joy even by her lover's side!
In her frank eye, unused to aught like art,
He oft surprised a tear,—and she would start
From painful reverie, and essay to smile,
But her pure nature, innocent of guile
Shone through her saddened eyes. What could she do
To evade Love's searching glances! Well he knew,
Deep in her heart were griefs he might not share,
Or learn their cause, though he reigned monarch there!
And yet, each knew the other longed to tell
But was restrained by Honor; and 'twas well
Both lives held secrets! Friendship takes offense
When friends seem loth to pay our confidence.
Yet mutual faith they shared. By each 'twas known
They guarded others' secrets with their own.
Thus much they freely told,—that adverse fate
Strove still to force on each an unloved mate;
And vows they interchanged, through good and ill
While life remained, they'd keep their troth-plight still;
The cell, the dungeon, and the festering chain,—
E'en Death itself might try their love in vain!
Thus high respect and faith from trials spring,—

And Love is sanctified by Suffering!

We left our wounded rogue safe in his cell,
Within the fortress; soon the wretch got well,
And begged for open air. They brought him, bound,
With ball and chain, to stump the area-ground;
From thence, outside the gates, where guards patrolled;
And so it came to pass, one evening cold,
As the swift year his varying months rolled round,
And Autumn's nuts and ripened fruits were found
Where summer's flowers had bloomed;—when early frost
Brought back, fourfold the brightness they had lost,
To cast a glamour over wood and wold,
And paint the maple's leaves with liquid gold,
The guards forgot and left him. Soon he spied
The favoring chance, and, screened by darkness, hied
To thickets near, that skirt the streamlet's shore,
Filed off his fetters, and was seen no more!
Swift as his cramped feet might, they bore him far
Toward the West,—and as the evening star
Sank 'neath the trees, he found a horse, and made
A break-neck race for liberty! 'Tis said
He rode his steed to death ere break of day,
Then stole another, and pursued his way!
Pursuit was vain. Next day the soldiers found
The scamp had crossed the border safe and sound!

Soon through the country round, the tidings spread
That the long-dreaded Constantine was dead,
Whose sudden disappearance, weeks before
Had stirred much comment; for, from shore to shore
The reckless Count and his audacious band
Ranked little less than outlaws in the land;
And honest men rejoiced to hear his fate,
Whose life was constant menace to the State.

Heir to an honored name,—son of a sire

Who, when the Mongol came, with sword and fire,
When o'er fair Hungary's plains his legions spread
And from his front the affrighted peasants fled,
At dead of night, through the dense forest's shade
Cut bloody pathway to his monarch's aid,
Cheered the great Belas' troubled heart, and led
The charge when from their spears the invaders fled,—
Bela the Wise, mightiest of all his line
Since great Arpad, far toward the northern Rhine,
And o'er Italia's plains spread near and far
The fame of the all-conquering Magyar!
What time old Almos, (leader of the bands
That fought their bloody way from Eastern lands,)
Conquered by age,—his glorious mission done,
Left sword and sceptre to his mighty son!

Fate doth her bitterest cup to mortals bring
When worthless sons from worthy parents spring,—
When o'er fair lives, whose youth gave promise high,
Rise clouds of guilt to blot fair manhood's sky!
Scarcely had brave Constantine to honored rest
Sunk down, by grateful King and country blest,
When the young Count, glad to be free at last
From wholesome guidance, to the wild winds cast
All semblance of restraint! His passions wild
Ungoverned, urged him on. A wayward child
He'd chafed at all control; even as a lad
He sought his comrades 'among the wild and bad;
And when to wayward youth he quickly grew,
Strong, like his sire,—well skilled in warfare, too,—
Brave, but revengeful; fierce, and dark of mood,—
Shunned by his peers,—feared by the pure and good;—
'Twas said by some who knew, the bitter smart
His crimes inflicted broke his father's heart!

His death caused little sorrow in the land;
Yet some there were, old followers in his band,

Whose only god was gold,—rogues who for pay
Would sell their souls, and risk the Judgment-day,—
Such scoundrels took offense, and raised a cry
For vengeance on his slayers; and so high
The clamor rang among the lawless sort
The wary Captain 'gan to put the Fort
In shape to meet attack; for well he knew
The desperate daring of the border crew!

His garrison was small,—perhaps a score
Of spearmen; crossbowmen as many more;
A few with axes armed, whose crushing weight
Might rend a casque or batter down a gate;
A dozen serfs or more; some soldiers' wives,
Who shared their toils, and cheered their lonely lives.
Such was the meager force; but walls of stone,
And watchful guards, their weakness might atone,
And, if beleagnured, hold a foe at bay
Till succor came; and so, without delay
Axes 'gan ring, and shapely trees to fall,
And beams to bar weak gate or damaged wall
Were carried through the doors; and still, within
Sharp-ringing anvils made a constant din;
Stout bolts were forged,—fresh rivets shaped and driven,
Armor repaired, whose links the sword had riven;
New spear-heads set; bows strung; dull axes ground,
And countless little *laches*, never found
Till needed, were supplied; and the dull look
Which slow routine gives to men's faces, took
A fiercely joyous turn. With what delight
The human tiger scents a coming fight!
We prate of reason, sense, philosophy,
Religion, culture, science,—all that we
Can boast above the brute; yet, do but show
Where carnage stalks, and human blood doth flow,
Where's your meek Christian then? Where, boastful sir,

Your sage, your savant, your philosopher?
All merged in maddened brute; or, seen at all,
Their art but serves to raise a ruffian brawl
To scientific slaughter, when the voice
Of agony shrieks vainly, mid the noise
Of clashing arms, and the deep cannon's roar,
And squadrons thundering fast o'er fields of gore!

Since Cain was made a king in distant Nod,
Each butcher of mankind has ranked a god!
We who to Christian love lay doubtful claim
Greet with hurrahs each bloodstained warrior's name.
Be he a treacherous friend, a ruthless foe,
A haughty tyrant, or a trickster low,
A sacrilegious wretch, or all in one
Like that great hero-god, Napoleon!
Prove that he hath his tens of thousands slain,—
That trampled nations 'neath his feet have lain,—
No right too sacred for his fierce attack,
No crime so foul his conscience held him back,—
Be sure his name will sound on every tongue,
While human praise by human lips is sung!

For men love war! A common impulse calls
The great to battles, and the low to brawls.
We read of victories, and our blood is fired
With martial zeal. Our souls with wrath inspired,
We fight with those who fight; we kill, we wound,
And strut victorious o'er the blood-soaked ground,—
Then join to shout the conquering Chieftain's name
Ourselves mock partners of his toils and fame!
How fierce the charge *we* made on Wagram's ridge,
How dashed *we* on to death o'er Lodi's Bridge!
How fought we at Marengo, ah! how few
Of *us* brave guards survived dark Waterloo!
Small wonder, then, that to our latest days
We join to shout some great Napoleon's praise!

Useless to moralize! I told before
How the 'scaped rogue the Count's adventure bore
And published to the world. Of course, he lied,
And laid the blame all on young Wilfred's side;—
Told how, while hunting in the hills, a horde
Of ruffian soldiers from the fortress poured
And compassed them about. Sooner than fly
Themselves and their brave leader chose to die;—
How a false knight who had them in his power
Slew him unarmed; how, wounded, in the Tower
Himself for weeks had lain, and noted well
Some marvels there which he had 'scaped to tell;—
Hinted of wealth secreted in that hold,—
Of rich apparel, plate, and chests of gold
Stored in its cells; of lady there confined,
Who seemed a captive princess, whom 'twere kind
To rescue and set free; and he for one
Would risk his life to help the adventure on!
The murderous knight who basely slew his lord
Was some foul traitor whom, for rich reward
They hid and harbored there,—whom they might bring
To answer for his crimes before the King,
Could they but take the Fort! He lied so well,
And touched so many strings that, truth to tell,
'Twas pity art like his was lost to view,
That might have graced another Richelieu!
Suffice, he gained his ends. A motly force
Soon gathered in the hills,—made up, of course
Of rogues and outlaws mostly, who for hope
Of plunder would have dared the hangman's rope.
Yet some that met were of the better kind,
Though to a band of ruffians strangely joined.
Some had old wrongs to avenge—with some the tale
Of prisoned maid did o'er soft hearts prevail;
And some, (you know such fools, and so do I.)

Went with the crowd, nor knew the reason why !
But knaves and fools count up a goodly score;
And in brief time, five hundred men or more
Marched down against the Fort. They came by night,
And silent, hoping with the dawn's first light
To win it by surprise. Ere yet they came,
Our brave old guardsman (Hubert was his name,—
Young Wilfred's quondam 'squire) got leave to scout
Among the hills, and spy the invaders out,
Learning their force and plans,—a dangerous task
Which few would take when urged, and fewer ask !
He knew the country well,—could find his way
By secret mountain-paths by night or day;
Planned to return by morn, and sallied out.
The morning came, but not the venturous scout !
The morning came; and with its first faint blush
Five hundred raiders made a sudden rush
On gate and door; but gate and door stood fast,
Then from within was heard a bugle blast
Calling the troops to arms; and hurrying feet
Tramped swiftly to their posts. Then axes beat
On oaken gates, the quick blows raining hard
Till iron bolts and stubborn timbers jarred,
And splinters flew apace. Then, from o'erhead
Huge rocks 'gan fall and crush the axemen dead,
Or dash them to the ground. The living fly
And drag their wounded comrades back to die,
While flights of arrows gall them as they go,
Sent from the roof by many a forceful bow;
And taunting shouts which worse than arrows sting,
While answering curses make the welkin ring !
Retired a space, the baffled foe are seen
To meet in hasty conclave on the green,
Then rush toward the wood. Soon, axes ring
On sturdy ash and oak, and headlong bring

To earth two crashing trees; with speed they trim
Their rugged sides, and lop each leafy limb;
The severed trunks on levers stout they bear
Toward the Fort, and hastily prepare
As engines of assault. On either side
A score of brawny rogues the weight divide,
As toward each massive gate the timbers twain
With equal speed move slowly o'er the plain.
Beside, walk twenty more, who overhead
Broad shields of tough bull's-hide protecting spread
'Gainst arrows from the roof; some fifty more
With cross-bows armed, their places take before
To harass foes above, who wait to throw
Hugh rocks and timbers on the men below.

The attacking force moves on with measured tread
Toward the gates. From battlements o'erhead
Arrows pour down like hail. The assailants wait
Some twenty paces from each threatened gate,
Then with a cheer rush on! The crushing stroke
Resistless dashes 'gainst the opposing oak
And shivers it to shreds; then, mocking cheers
From out the Fort ring in their wondering ears,
As, prompt to storm the breach, surprised they find
Each gate has massive timbers framed behind
Proof 'gainst all battering force! With curses dire
The mob, twice baffled, sullenly retire.

By this the sun had climbed the eastern sky
And hunger called for truce. A wood near by
Gave shade and fuel; in the meadows near
Grazed many a peaceful cow and fattening steer,
The Fort's most cherished wealth. Each soldier's dame
Petted the kine from which their butter came;
And well fed soldiers o'er the herd would pore
Glad of their commissariat's fattening store!
Alas! nor generous cow nor pampered steer

Henceforth shall at their evening call appear!
Quick to the meadows rushed the hungry throng,
Seized the fat kine, mid bellowings deep and long;
Prone to the earth each bleeding carcass threw,—
From quivering limbs the gore-stained covering drew;
Then on stout backs the severed quarters bore
Where blazing fires did their warm welcome roar;
And the mob dined like kings,—and cared no more
Than kings, whose vested rights they trampled o'er!

Free dinners are long meals. Men make no haste
At public feast to shorten their repast,
And 'twas not every day the rabble fed
On steaks and savory joints; and time thus sped
Till, ere they stinted from their revel high
The sun was sinking in the western sky.

Then they held council—chose for general
A stalwart border warrior, who, like Saul
Towered high above the rest;—discussed at length
Their means of storming, and the unlooked-for strength
The Fort developed; and, at set of sun
Called for a parley with the garrison;—
Demanded prompt surrender; offered terms:
“The troops to have free egress with their arms,
Their families and goods;—all save the knight
Harbored within; also, a lady bright
In durance held; as rumored; save these two
The brave defenders might free paths pursue
Where'er them listed. For the traitor knight
Whose murderous arms had, in unequal fight
At vantage slain the Count, the hangman's rope
And a short shrift was all the wretch could hope!
Fair terms they gave; cared not more blood to spill.”

The Fort's brave Captain, of unflinching will,
But artful too, asked time. “By morn,” he said
“He'd give them answer; asked what causes led

To this bold breach of peace, so long enjoyed
'Mong border neighbors;" all his arts employed,
To lengthen the debate till favoring Night
Drop her black veil, and darkness close the fight.

The truce was granted, and its every hour
Improved to increase the Fort's resisting power.
Some framed new barriers; some made haste to bring
Fresh stores of water from the ample spring
That gushed in the enclosure; tanks were filled
On roof and tower, whence water could be spilled
On kindled fires below; more rocks were borne
Aloft, to drop on battering foes at morn.

The night was moonlit. 'Neath the tower's deep shade,
Two messengers were sent in quest of aid,—
Stealing at midnight through the secret door
From out the palisades, described before,
To different points; to Baron Rupert one,
(But he was caught,)—the other 'scaped to run
Safe through the picket-line,—a desperate chance,—
And bore his message to Count Rosencranz
Some leagues away. And thus the night wore on,
And men lay waiting for the break of dawn
Nursing their wrath through all the peaceful night,
To shed each others' blood by Heaven's first light!
Thus Man his Maker's handiwork doth mar,
And call on heaven for help! thus ruthless war
With blood-stained hands 'gainst brother man we wage,—
Thus kill and maim in Heaven-defying rage,
Yet look for sun to shine, and dew to fall,
And Heaven to bless our deeds in spite of all!

At break of day the herald sounds his horn,
And challenges the answer due at morn.
The wily Captain takes full time to rise,
Comes slowly forth, and leisurely replies:
"His force is rather small; he hopes by night

Some help he's sent for may appear in sight,
Much needed, by the way; so he would task
Their kind indulgence, further truce to ask
Till such help come; but if they couldn't wait,
Come in—don't stop for knocking at the gate!"

With equal courtesy the foe replied:

"They had some business o'er the border-side
Forbade a lengthened stay,—else, as the fare
Was good, they'd fain extend their visit there.
Don't task yourselves to open gates, we pray,—
We've keys of fire your locks will soon obey!"

The palisades the axe-men quick surround;
Its upright logs fall thundering to the ground
Exposing soon to view those quarters clean
Where, ere the fight, the soldiers' wives were seen
Round cheerful fires, intent, with busy care,
Their husbands' food to dress, their meals prepare;
Their coarse, thick cloth to weave, their wool to spin,
And warm hose knit, to ease the soldiers in,
Lest Boreas, blowing fierce o'er Northern snows
Chill their broad backs, or bite unguarded toes!

Stumbling o'er fallen logs, the foe explore

"The rearward wall for gate, or portal-door.
No gate or door is seen. The solid stone
Defies attack; and soon the mob had gone
To seek more vulnerable points, or tried
What fire would do to tame the stubborn pride
That laughed at axe and beam;—but Fate just then
As oft before, shaped the affairs of men!

Our rascal prisoner, some weeks before
In prying round, had spied a secret door
With hidden hinges, and well-covered lock,
Whose thin stone panels seemed of solid rock,—
But seldom used; but whence could come or go
A secret scout, unseen by watchful foe.

Thither with taunting shouts the rascal hies,
Points out the door, and leads them to the prize;
The axemen follow fast,—and stroke on stroke
Dash swift on shattered stone and splintering oak.
From roof and tower the harmless arrows fall;
The foe toils on regardless of them all,
For, borne by sturdy hands, above their head
They raise huge logs, from piles about them spread,
Which, leaned against the wall avert the force
Of falling rocks, and check the javelin's course.
Soon, 'neath their strokes the broken hinges fly,
The shattered timbers in the portal lie,—
Their stalwart leader springs to gain the breach,
Leaps through the entrance, and with vaunting speech
Calls his men on! But there, before him, stands
A knight full-armed,—who in his sinewy hands
Swings a huge axe. The giant halts, afraid
To face the terrors of that flashing blade;
But Honor bids him on; with reckless bound
He leaps within, and sinks upon the ground,
Cloven through the skull. With one expiring groan
His soul escapes; his bulky body, prone
In the clogged doorway lies. A second springs
Like tiger o'er the corpse, and madly flings
His life away; the cruel axe again
Descends, and cleaves his hapless head in twain!
No other dares the attempt. Their leader dead,
They choose the rascal prisoner in his stead,
Who bids them fire the Fort. The palisade,
Would ample fuel yield, the scoundrel said,
Which, piled against the wall, with favoring wind
Would fire the gates, and smother all behind!

'Tis their last card, but 'tis their strongest too.
With anxious eyes the brave defenders view
The growing piles, and hurl from tower and roof

Their gathered rocks. The foe stand yet aloft,
Beyond their reach, but toss, with purpose dire,
Huge heaps against the gates; then, sparks of fire
From flint, 'mong tinder struck, and fanned to blaze,
Fed with dry twigs, thin, fiery ribbons raise;
Then seasoned wood to feed the fires is brought
And soon the flames leap high; thence, brands are caught
And hurled among the heaps, whence, dark and slow,
Thick smoke-wreaths rise, and flames begin to glow.

Well had the guards their water-tanks supplied;
And, dashing downward in no stinted tide
The drenching showers descend. The extinguished brands
Sputter and smoke and die. But busy hands
Roll up huge logs, and rubbish from the wood;
And fires are started fresh, just where the flood
Will fail to reach; meantime a favoring wind
Springs up to aid their work, and from behind
Drives the flames inward; while, with shout and yell
Like raging fiends that stir the fires of hell,
They ply their ghastly work; and toss, the while
Dry fuel on, and stir each blazing pile!

Fresh showers dash from above, which deaden down
But fail to quench the flames; and smoke is blown
Within, in stifling clouds; the raiders cheer,
Pile on fresh logs, and count their triumph near!

They cheer too loud, and ply their task too well,—
Else might they notice, winding down the dell
Half hid by woody points, a numerous train
Of horsemen swift approach; who reach the plain,
Halt but to extend their line, then sudden, swoop
Down toward the shouting mob! The advancing troop
Now first from tower and roof the warders view,
Their bright spears glistening, and their banners blue
By stalwart sergeants borne,—but silent all,
As who would on the unwary foeman fall,—

They quit their posts, and rush with wild delight
To sally forth and join the approaching fight!
Wilfred goes first; he leaps forth, axe in hand,
And deals destruction 'mong the rabble band:
A score of spearmen follow; in their wake
Axemen and archers;—and swift opening make
To where the growing fires, by breezes fanned
Threaten the gateways. Here they take their stand;
Some snatch the burning brands apart, and cast
Blazing among the crowd; with labor vast
Some heave the burning logs apart, and hold
The mob the while at bay,—till, grown more bold
Their bravest rally, and with shout and yell,
Attack their slender ranks; their numbers swell,
Recruited from the field; but, firm as rock,
Wilfred and his small force sustain the shock!
A giant's strength is in his arms; his blade
Drinks deep at every blow. His wrath to aid,
And nerve his sinewy arm, full well he knows
The vengeance threatened by his gathering foes!
Nanght but his blood will quench the raging fire
That lights their eyes, and heats their senseless ire:
Or, worse, should venom'd hate find fiercer scope,
An ignominious death by hangman's rope!

Yet scarce one thought he gives, one care bestows
On his own safety. If from brutal foes
He could his loved one save;—could his strong arm
Shield fair Ulrica from all threatened harm,
How sweet to die for her, dear girl! and know
Her grateful tears o'er his low bier should flow!
But should he fail,—her beauty be the prize
Of lawless ruffians! at the thought his eyes
Flash with a dangerous fire.—and, swung on high,
That dreadful axe dooms many a wretch to die
His mercy else might spare! Yet others take

Their places as they fall, and rush to break
The bristling line; but Wilfred hastes to throw
His spearsmen into squares; the twanging bow—
Sends shafts forth from their midst; himself, at head
Of the grim axemen stands, and heaps of dead
Show how they ply their trade. A ghastly sight
When blood grows cool, and finished is the fight!

But when the blood is up—when in a fray
The exulting foe come on in grim array,—
When the loud cannon shakes the embattled field,
And the long hostile columns stand revealed
Where lifts the battle's smoke; When shrieking shell
And plowing shot their deadly errands tell,—
Then, brave men's nerves grow strong; then soft hearts grow
Harder than steel, and cold as mountain snow.
Then throbs the quickened pulse,—bright flash the eyes,
And Man the Savage stands without disguise!
And, when in firm array brave soldiers stand
To guard their hearth, their homes, their native land,
Curst be the craven heart, the nerveless arm
Would brave not Death, to shield loved friends from harm!

Sudden upon their ears the thundering sound
Of charging squadrons falls,—and, turning round,
Our luckless raiders see, when all too late
The fell Avenger, pitiless as Fate
Swift on their ranks descend; above, they view
An Eagle, *volant*, on a field of blue!
Full well that sign they read—each azure fold
Where the proud king of birds his course doth hold
Triumphant through the sky, once waved in pride
When the scourged Turk fled o'er the border side!
Had flaunted boldly in the battle's van
When from their spears the foul Mongolian ran;
Nor less defiant waved, in menace dread,
When dark Rebellion raised its threatening head!

They fly toward the hills; in hot pursuit
The horsemen follow, and the guards on foot
But ere the sheltering thickets they may gain
Down from the hillside pours another train
Of mounted men, spurring in eager haste
To reach the plain. Short time the strangers waste,
But, taking in the bearings at a glance,
Draw the bright sword, and poise the glittering lance,
Meet the retreating mob, and bar their flight
With waving blades, and spear-points tipped with light!

Hemmed in on every side, the rabble pause
While round them fast the glittering cordon draws;
Their ruffian courage fails; full sharp they feel
'Tis death to face those lines of burnished steel,
And death to yield;—more deaf than granite wall
Grow War's grim sons when mobs for mercy call!
Small choice is left. With courage of despair
Some face their fate, and perish fighting there;
Some cry for quarter; some amid the fray
Dash for the wood, and favored, steal away;
While many, wounded, sink upon the plain,
Nor ask that mercy they must beg in vain!

Short was the struggle; scarce an hour ago
That braggart mob, exulting o'er the foe,
Breathed fire and slaughter; now, upon the plain
Not one armed raider stands! Their best are slain,
The rest are fled or wounded. Thus, Man's life
With strange vicissitudes is ever rife;
The waves that drown a sailor's dying groan
May float his wrecked companion to a throne!
The winds that drive the merchant's ships astray
May from the waiting pirate snatch his prey!
Not ours to rule events. These boasted powers,
These deep-laid schemes, these wise designs of ours,
No more avail to bend Fate's destined course,

Than ropes of sand to bind old Ocean's force !
Let Wisdom humbly do what seemeth best,
And to the great Disposer leave the rest !

CHAPTER IV.

Since Cupid's birth, of all the gods above,
He only braves the power of conquering Jove,—
That Power whose lightnings strike all hearts with fears,
Whose awful thunders shake the echoing spheres,—
Whose will despotic doth vast Heaven control,
And Earth and all her isles, from pole to pole.
Even Jove's stern sister-wife accepts his sway
And gods and mortals tremble and obey,
Save Venus' freeborn son ! *He* bows no knee
To Powers above, beneath, or in the sea !
Love reigns through all : Jove, and his brothers *twain*,
Divide the Heavens, the Shades, the watery Main ;—
Love soars to Heaven :—even cloud-compelling Jove
Yields to his spell, and, conquered, bows to Love !
Love stoops to Earth ; no shade, no sylvan grot,
No isle so secret, that he rules it not,—
No King so mighty but Love bows his soul,—

No law so binding can his will control.
Love may be prisoned, tortured, scourged, in chains,—
Bought, sold, betrayed; may bleed at all his veins,
But his free spirit, scorning bolt and chain,
Released from bonds soars heavenward again!
For Love, man faces death in every form,
The Battle's shock, the Ocean's wildest storm,—
Beards the grim lion in his native grove,
And braves the pestilence, when bid by Love!
For Love, man tames the brute in his own breast,
(Far hardest task of all!) At Love's behest
Subdues even Self, that giant fierce and tall,
Who, but for Love would soon subdue us all!

Love lent new strength to Wilfred's arm that day.
Ulrica in the leaguered fortress lay,
Condemned, if captured, to the insulting gaze
Of the rude mob,—or worse,—a thought to raise
A whirlwind in his soul,—perhaps the prize
Of border chief, whose bold, licentious eyes
Should drink her beauty in! The maddening thought
Swift death to many a luckless raider brought!
But when the fight was o'er, and victory won,—
When *she* was safe, and War's grim work was done,
He paused to wonder much, what chance had brought
Such succor to their needs. Yet failed he not
To thank that Power who in their strait had given
Deliverance from the foe, and pay to Heaven
That meed of *praise* which few, alas! bestow,
Though when in need our *prayers* unstinted flow!

Scarce from his knees the grateful Knight 'gan rise
And o'er the field look forth with curious eyes.
When a strong hand was on his shoulder laid,
And a commanding voice his motions stayed!
The same stern voice, in simple words and few
Called a strong guard, prompt his behests to do,

That "to his 'customed room within the Tower,
The prisoner be conveyed; and from that hour,
Respectful service all his wants attend,
But not one word by servant, guard, or friend,
Be to him spoken; not a written line
From friend without,—no letter, gift or sign
Shall message from the outer world convey:
You have your orders! Lead your charge away!"

No time for answering speech he gave the Knight,
But turning, spurred his charger out of sight;
When the dumb guard, with footsteps sad and slow
Marshaled the way their orders bade them go;
By tortuous paths, reluctant all, they led
Their honored prisoner through the field of dead,
Where wounded wretches moaned or cursed in pain;
Then o'er the smouldering logs the gates they gain,—
Half-stifled climb once more the narrow stair
To the dull prison-hall. The poisoned air
Still reeks with smoke; but darker Wilfred's mood,
And ranker poison stirs his fevered blood!

When his young heart was free,—before he loved,—
His haughty sire's commands had simply moved
Resistance in his soul; he but rebelled
'Gainst tyranny, and his young bosom swelled
With boyish love of freedom, and a sense
Of rights inherent, given by Providence
To all created beings. Then, his heart
Took in the argument but little part;
Now soul and sense, and throbbing heart combined
To stir rebellion in his angry mind!
"Did Heaven's decree, or Nature's law, require
Obedience from a son to such a sire,
Who on Ambition's blood-stained altar throws
Two bleeding hearts, and recks not of the woes
Those hearts must feel? Shall not the fumes that rise

To angry Heaven from such a sacrifice,
 Dissolve weak Nature's bond, which fetters still
 A child's free action by a parent's will?
 Why should his promise, under pressure given
 Bind his free acts in face of earth or heaven?
 Why not make known to her his heart holds dear
 His name, his rank, and why his durance here,—
 Bid her to fly with him? Means might be found
 To bribe a guard who knew the country round;
 Then in some foreign land where worth is known,
 Where swords carve paths to fortune and renown,
 In far-off France, or 'neath Italia's sky,
 There might they happy live, and honored die!

Thus mused he long,—when softly from below
 Floats a dear voice his ear hath learned to know:
 Its mournful pathos, tender, sweet, and grave,
 Calms his vexed soul, as oil the troubled wave!

SONG.

Dark mists may dim our noonday sky
 Dark night may whelm our world in gloom,
 Heaven's radiant, starlit canopy
 To starless, moonless night give room,—
 Hope's cable part its hold on earth,
 Our boats drift anchorless to sea,
 And even the polestar of the North
 Hide 'neath the clouds that o'er us be!

Wild watery wastes may round us roar,
 Mad waves lift high our struggling bark
 Storms beat,—cold rains in deluge pour
 And winds howl fiercely through the dark,
 The chilling air grow cold and dank
 And weird the sleet-shrouds mantling all,

And slippery grow each icy plank
And yawning billows wait our fall!

Though mist and cloud and night enfold,
Though cables part and anchors fail,
And Life's frail bark through storm and cold
Drive swift before the pelting gale,—
Though breakers roar on port and lee,
And rocks and shoals lie close before,
Sunlight aye follows storms, and we
May float on billows yet to shore!

He who to Honor holds him leal,—
He who to plighted Faith is true,
Unawed may list the thunder peal,
See clouds obscure Heaven's vault of blue!
Death conquers not the steadfast soul!
Love, Faith, and Honor never die;—
Beyond Earth's storm-vexed isles their goal,
Their home beyond the changeful sky!

"Thanks for thy song!" cried Wilfred in reply;
"Thanks noble maid, for faith and constancy!
Thanks, for a love that scorns all meaner aims,
And thanks for pointing out what Honor claims!
Thy faith be mine;—here will I calmly wait
And as behooves true knight, will meet my fate!"
—'Twas her last message—for she went that night,
So he was sure,—and with her went the light
From Wilfred's life; and then for many a day
In sullen apathy our hero lay,
Too proud to murmur, and too sad to care
Or note what changes Time was working there.
Such calm doth Heaven to sentenced wretches send;
So doth fond Nature ever stand our friend!
When hope, and love, and life itself seem lost,

Our souls, no more by warring passions tossed
Sink to a painless calm; kind opiates steep
Our deadened senses into welcome sleep,
Which Death can scarcely fright. The victim lays
His dazed head on the block, and only prays
The falling axe may clear the mists which rise
Round his dimmed sight, and, not regretful, dies!

So listless Wilfred's mood, he little notes
Though scarce fails hearing, when a hundred throats
With loud huzzas and shouts of welcome greet
And drown the clattering of the armed feet
Of a grand cavalcade, which from the north
Comes spurring down the road! Could he look forth
'Tis doubtful if he would; for, what to him
The world's gay shows, whose young life to the brim
Is filled with bitterness? Why should he care
For sports and revelry he may not share?
With folded arms and downcast eyes once more
He walks with measured steps the well-worn floor;
And ere an hour, if he had given it thought
When heard, like some dim dream 'twas quite forgot.

The key is turned,—he scarcely notes the sound
Made by the creaking bolt; nor turns him round
When a firm footstep on the oaken floor
Approaches slowly from the opened door;
But when his languid eyes he lifts again,
He sees the man who on the bloody plain
Ordered his foul arrest! One haughty bow,—
One moment's pause, a darkening of the brow,
And Wilfred turns him round in scornful pride,
And walks in silence from the stranger's side;
But ere three steps the sullen youth has paced,
A heavy hand is on his shoulder placed,—
Not roughly, but with force; and, turning round,
A strong but kindly face, with grey hairs crowned,

And clear grey, searching eyes, and features plain,
Disarm his anger and attention gain.

"Wilfred!" the stranger speaks, "Not oft this hand
Detains a listener whom I might command;
But mercy prompts me now to overlook
A slight my anger might not always brook!
Hear me, rash boy! Then seest a friend in me,
Who, for thy sake, seeks thus a word with thee!"

Wilfred obeyed. The stranger spoke again;
"My time is short—my words must need be plain;
I know thy sire full well,—thy story too;
I know thy worth; I hold thee brave and true;
I know thy love—nay, start not! 'tis no shame;
Thy chosen true-love bears an honored name,
And honors it in turn! Thy father's pride
Hath chosen for his son another bride.
Heed well my words: I know thy father well,
And can on his strong will lay such a spell
Will win consent that thou, his son, shalt wed
Thy loved Ulrica in that lady's stead,—
(Count Rosencranz's fair daughter.) Dost thou start?
Thou seest I know thy history by heart!
Would'st know my terms? In brief, I answer plain:
Our country's king, of portly power grows vain
As age impairs his mind. I fain would try
(Joined with some others, firm resolved as I)
If the proud dotard on Hungaria's throne
Shall dwarf his Barons' power to swell his own!
Can'st guess my purpose? Promise us thine aid,
Let thy tried sword be in the balance laid,
Thy name, to neighboring youth known far and wide
Thy skill in arms, famed on the border side,—
Pledge thou but this, and ere three days are sped
Thy rights restored thou may'st thy loved one wed,
And take the rank thy birth and merits claim,

As heir and guardian of an honored name!"

Quick springing to his feet, with flashing eyes,
In generous rage the angry Knight replies:
"Hence, tempter, hence! thy offered terms I spurn!
Ere to my King a traitor foul I turn,
Ere, 'gainst that honored head one blow I aim,
Perish my life, my love, my ancient name!
Ha! grey-haired schemer! hast thou then forgot
Thy country's savior, and canst basely plot
Against that silvered head so foul a blow,—
Whose wisdom foiled, whose valor awed the foe,
And from our suffering land the invader hurled,
And won the praises of a wondering world!
Now, by that honored head and knightly brow,
Thy own grey hairs alone protect thee now!
Go, leave my presence, lest my wrath forget
Thy age, and slay in thee a traitor yet!"

"This is thy answer then!" the stranger cried:
"My offer spurned, my friendly power defied!
I leave thee to thy fate, and soon we'll see
How fate rewards thy boasted loyalty!
Thy sire attends below; and, to enhance
Thy joy at meeting, comes Count Roseneranz
With his fair daughter; and, 'tis freely said,
They mean this day thou shalt this daughter wed!
I leave thee to thy thoughts,—but soon intend
To grace the nuptials of my loyal friend!
Till then farewell!" He drew his mantle on,
Moved slowly toward the stairway and was gone.

With wrath-flushed face our hero turns once more
To pace with angry steps his prison floor;
And ever as he walks, his scowling brow
And clenching hands his working passions show;
Then, as the ambushed lion, brought to bay
Sees the armed cordon draw around the prey,—

Views the aimed muskets with unflinching eye
And grimly waits the shots that bid him die,
So calm grows Wilfred as the hour draws near,
With heart devoid of hope but dead to fear.

An hour grows by, but heedless of its loss
Still do his restless steps the chamber cross,
Till the quick opening of his prison door
Calls his dull thoughts back from their flight once more,
And looking up he sees, with much surprise
Stout Hubert's sturdy form and friendly eyes.
Hubert, whose loss his comrades mourned of late,
Doomed to a captured spy's ignoble fate.

The guard doth from his sire a message bear,
It bids his son his toilet quick prepare,
(His guard assisting,) then, without delay,
To the large hall below direct his way;
"Some business there," the message vaguely said,
"Required his presence ere the day be sped."

Wilfred obeyed in silence,—from his chest
Took fitting raiment, and his person dressed,
(His friendly guard assisting,) as became
A destined bridegroom; but a sullen flame
Shot from his eye,—a light that timid bride
Would pale to see in bridegroom at her side!
Then motioning to his guide to lead the way
He followed, as on execution-day
The victim to the block;—not tremblingly
As one who feared his fate, but firm as he
Who dies for Conscience' sake,—save that an air
Of angry pride and scorn was lurking there.

A long, dark hall; rough walls, with branches hung,
Where ivy twines the laurel's leaves among;
Where Autumn's ruddy boughs in contrast shine,
Mid the dark branches of the sombre pine;
Where, mingled with the green, from roof and wall

Gay banners droop, and pendant streamers fall;
Where lamps burn bright, and lanterns swung on high
To the dark room their needed light supply;
Where, o'er the roughness of the puncheon floor
Rich mats are spread, strange to the hall before !

Glancing across the room, the curious eye
May at its end a sacred altar spy,
By tapers lighted; and beneath its shade
A reverend priest, in sable robes arrayed,
Stands silent at his desk. On either hand
Two waiting groups near the low altar stand,
In expectation hushed; and seated near,
A grey-haired man, of countenance severe,
With mantle loosely o'er his shoulders thrown,
Seems lost in thought, unconscious and alone.

Among the groups, stout Rupert's stately head
Towers o'er the rest,—his beard, once flaming red,
Turned white with age; but his strong limbs betray
No sign that Time has stolen their strength away.
But lips compressed, and sullen, clouded brow
Betray a soul sore vexed by passion now !

By Rupert's side in pleasant reverie stands
His friend and ally, courtly Rosencranz.
No braver knight e'er buckled on a brand,—
No truer friend clasped a tried comrade's hand,—
No warmer heart e'er beat in human breast,
Yet the brave Count one weakness still confessed:
He had a daughter dearer than his life;
'Twas his heart's hope to see her Wilfred's wife,—
A hope that grew with years. He loved the boy,
Even from his childhood; and it was with joy
Such as a miser feels, (who notes his store
Swell day by day; till chests can hold no more,)
He watched his growing strength, his wondrous skill,
Heard his brave actions told, and, sweeter still,

His generous spirit praised! Not an own son
Could warmer place in that warm heart have won!

A few more friends are gathered in the hall:
Some guards, well armed, whose Captain stout and tall,
Stands with his buxom wife, somewhat apart,
And waits the coming scene with anxious heart.

Sudden the door on its huge hinges swings,
In the high tower the bell its signal rings,—
The guide advances through the open door,
And Wilfred, entering, views the pageant o'er.
Prompt to the altar, in rich surplice drest,
In proud humility the aged priest
Steps, rapt in reverent thought; hung at his side
By slender chain, a Savior Crucified,
Embossed in gold, is seen; a golden key,
Token of Peter's sacred charge, which he
To Rome's proud Pontiff left, rests by its side,
Fit emblem of the Church's power and pride!

Led by his friendly guide, Wilfred advanced
With slow and measured steps; not once he glanced
Aside to right or left; nor shunned, nor sought
The eye of foe or friend; nor even when brought
Before the altar deigned to cast one look
Around, but gazed with steady eyes, that took
No note of aught that passed;—a haughty stare
Their sole expression; while a lofty air
Of calm defiance and intense disdain
Informed his every motion. 'Twas in vain
The wondering priest essayed to win a look
And the good Count a forward footstep took
With hand extended; while his troubled sire,
Now pale with pain, now flushed with angry fire,
Glared on his silent son; not chiseled stone
More cold, and hard, and feelingless had shown,
Than that proud statue of unawed despair

That stood with folded arms before them there!

Compelled at last to speak, with halting phrase

Rupert at length the painful task essays:

"Some potent reasons, needless to be told

Urge our prompt parting from this forest hold;

But ere we leave its hospitable walls,

These friends have gathered in its humble halls

To see our son joined in blest wedlock's bands

With the fair daughter of Count Rosencranz!"

He paused; then Wilfred answered, cold and low:

"I am no party to this mocking show!

Brought by my guard, I stand a prisoner here:

Do with me as thou wilt; and never fear,

The son thou hast the power to doom to death

Will in weak murmurs waste his parting breath!

Do then thy worst! By the just Heavens above,

I will not wed the maid I do not love!"

Quick to the front the angry Baron came,

And faced his fearless son with eyes of flame;

But ere his rage found vent, the grey-haired guest

Between the twain his forceful shoulders pressed;

And the fierce sire, in anger and surprise

Met the stern glances of those keen grey eyes,

And yielded to the power which, none know why,

Dwells in the glance of calm Authority!

The stranger spoke: "Let all this passion cease!

I come a friend: my mission is for peace.

Behold my warrant, 'neath the seal and ring

Of the great Bela, whose commands I bring!

Let none who hear presume to disobey!

Attend to what Hungaria's king doth say:

"Let Rupert's son obey his sire's command,—

Give to his destined mate his promised hand,

Or from our kingdom into exile sent,

In lifelong banishment his fault repent!"

He ceased, and on our hero standing by
Flashed the quick lightning of his searching eye;
But calm, and cold, and dauntless as before
Bold Wilfred stood, and scanned the stranger o'er:
"Strange messenger our king hath chosen," he said,
"To bid his faithful vassals whom to wed!
When traitors such as *thou* his orders bear,
Let wolves guard sheep, and Turks our counsel share!
I love my king! Let him my service task
In aught that Knight should do, or monarch ask,—
Let him such service at my hand require
By flood or field,—through pestilence or fire,—
If then I fail to do a knightly part,
Perish my name,—curst be my craven heart!
But not for earthly King or earthly sire
Should Man defy Heaven's all-consuming ire,—
Yield up his Honor 'neath the robber's knife,
And sell his soul to buy his wretched life!"

While thus in bitter mood the youth went on,
Count Rosencranz had from their presence gone,
And quick returning, to the altar led
His daughter, closely veiled; then mildly, said:
"Wilfred, I scarce can urge my daughter's charms,
To win unwilling husband to her arms;—
Yet, ere we part, tis fair revenge to show
The humble gift I offered to bestow,—
Which you reject unseen,—an act unwise,
To fling away a gift might prove a prize!"

Calmly had Wilfred stood, and coldly gazed
Unmoved till now. Why starts he back amazed?
Where has his pride, his courage fled?—and why
That long, wild look—that quick, half-painful cry?
Is it a ghost he sees? What else could take
The color from his cheeks? What shock could break
That iron will, and send him to his knee

Begging Count Rosencranz in charity
To give what he'd refused to take? What spell
Lights up his eyes with joy he cannot tell!
Breaks in his heart cold Winter's cheerless reign,
And bids youth's genial Spring bloom there again?
Simply the lifting of a veil,—a look
From loving eyes beneath; like those that took
His young heart captive in those happy hours
Passed by Ulrica's side, mid birds and flowers,
And flashing streams, 'neath sunny skies that lent
Their brightness to each glance those bright eyes sent!

Such glance hath mastered monarch on his throne,—
Hath driven wise men mad. Such hath been known
To seal the fate of empires; swerve the strong
From his fixed purpose—urge the weak along
To deeds of high emprise. Potential still
Such glances seem, alas! for good or ill!
Bright Thais' glances bade a city burn,
Queen Esther's saved a Nation! In our turn
We all obey them. Can we wonder then
That Wilfred, though the stubbornest of men,
Changed suddenly his mind, and urged the priest
To promptness in his office? This at least
We know,—nor urgent sire nor anxious friend
Seemed half so eager for its prosperous end
As the strange youth who challenged, but so late,
Rather than wed, the utmost power of Fate!
How radiant before the priest they stand,—
How reverently he takes her proffered hand
When bidden,—half afraid that all will prove
But a sweet dream of ecstasy and love!
And when the precious words are said which bind
"Till Death doth part,"—and when, with blessings kind,
The good priest yields them to the friends who crowd
To greet and bless them,—never youth more proud

Clasped happier maiden in his arms, or pressed
A nobler partner to his manly breast!
And prouder sire upon a wedding day
Than the glad Count, ne'er gave a child away!

When all, their kindly greetings had expressed,
To Wilfred's side approached the gray-haired guest,
And in that quiet tone they knew so well
Bade the youth follow to the prison-cell!
The wondering guests, awed by the potent charm
Of those calm eyes, suppressed their first alarm,
But as the retiring pair from sight withdrew
Their wonder doubled, and their terror too.
They climbed together up the darkened stair,
Reached the rough hall, and paused together there,
When turning on the youth those searching eyes,
The grey-haired stranger spoke without disguise:

"Wilfred, much joy this happy chance doth bring;
Kneel down, brave Knight, in duty to thy King!
Yes, gallant boy,—thou well mayst kneel to me,—
'Tis *Bela's* self that bids thee to thy knee!
And much he joys that, in this brief disguise
Thy King hath learned thy loyalty to prize,
And that firm constancy and courage high
That 'twas his errand here this day to try!
Hadst thou but faltered, when, with cunning art,
The tempter sorely tried thy loyal heart,
Hadst thou, to please thy too ambitious sire,
Bowed to his will, or trembled at his ire;
Or, braving that, hadst basely been content
To yield at last to threats of banishment,
By *Bela's* word, no wife thou then hadst won,
But the crushed sire had mourned a banished son!
More, the brave Count of this exploit will tell;
Rise, Wilfred, noble boy! I love thee well,
And count thee hence, though sorely tried of late

A trusted prop and bulwark of our state!
Whose loyal heart, tried in affliction's fire,
Shields thy proud father from his sovereign's ire,
Who, since Ambition vexed his troubled dreams
Have known his wildest hopes, his subtlest schemes;
And had his son his secret counsels shared,
That son my righteous vengeance had not spared!
Time presses: Wilfred, loyal friend, farewell!
The Count will more of this adventure tell.
Bid Hubert seek me here; nor, ere I go,
Let thy forgiven sire and kinsmen know
That Hungary's King, thy loyalty to test,
Came to thy wedding an unbidden guest!"
He ceased. The youth, with gratitude o'ercome,
Drops to his knee, with deep emotion dumb,
But tears that grief and passion could not start,
Well from his eyes and speak the grateful heart!
Then rising to his feet, his tears to hide
He turns away and quits the monarch's side,
Halts at the door, a deep obeisance makes
Then to the hall below his message takes;
Finds Hubert waiting 'mong the groups below,
And bids him to his royal master go,
Then joins his waiting bride, and fondly dries
The gathered tears that dim Ulrica's eyes!

—I fear, my knowing lady friends will pout
Should I explain how things were brought about!
"They knew it all the time! who could not guess,
When the wise Count had heard, with deep distress
Of Wilfred's banishment, and guessed its cause,
His shrewd old head, well versed in Nature's laws
Resolved to task its gentle powers as well,
And send his daughter to that wooded dell?
(A distant relative commanded there,

Whose kindly wife would watch with tender care,
And, told the wishes of the father's heart,
Aid the fond scheme with a wise woman's art.)
"He banished her," so the shrewd parent said,
"Because the silly maid seemed loth to wed
The mate her sire preferred." But, stronger cause
The Count had yet at heart. 'Gainst forest laws,
The lawless bands of bold Count Constantine,
(The worthless scion of an honored line,)
Made frequent raids, the border chiefs among,
And Rumor, with her ever-busy tongue
Had told, how the bold Count's licentious eyes
Had marked his lovely daughter as his prize.

When trusty Hubert left the Fort that night,
Before the attacking mob began the fight,
He closed the secret door, and quickly hied
Where a stout horse stood in a thicket tied,
Ready for sudden need,—then took his way
Not to the North, where Rupert's castle lay,
But, screened by favoring trees, when out of view
Wheeled his spurred steed and down the pathway flew.
O'er rock and root,—through swamp and rushing stream,—
Down darksome dells where scarce the moon's bright beam
Could mid the gloom the winding pathway show
That joins the broader highway miles below;
But the stout horse ne'er stumbled to a fall,
Though oft the spur his bleeding flank must gall,
Whene'er his hurrying steps he fain would slack
At darksome gulch, or torrent deep and black;
Till safe on smoother road, with slackened rein
He needs no spur to urge him o'er the plain.

All night the sturdy guard and strong-limbed steed
Through wood and plain, o'er hill and valley speed,
Through forests vast, within whose depths profound

No signs of life are met ; no sight nor sound
Save the slight rustling in its midnight lair
Or long, low howl, that tells the wolf is there ;
Or waters rushing o'er their rocky bed
Warn the bold guard of mountain stream ahead.

The night is past,—and Dawn's first streaks of grey
Broaden and lighten into perfect Day,
And still the tireless comrades of the night,
Bold rider and stout steed, pursue their flight ;
But pause at last to snatch an hour of rest
At a small inn, where many a weary guest
Before had lodged,—but never, I'll be bound,
Had man and beast more welcome refuge found !
Here the tired trooper doth glad tidings gain,—
That Hungary's mighty King, and all his train,—
Two hundred gallant knights—a brave array,—
Are hunting in the hills some leagues away !
Short rest brave Hubert takes. He starts with speed,
Leaves his tired horse and mounts a swifter steed ;
Sinks the sharp spur deep in its quivering side,
And dashes tireless on his lengthening ride.

The King at noon is resting from the chase,
Camped near the road,—'tis in an open space
Where deep, rich verdure clothes earth's grassy floors,
And a bright spring its welcome waters pours.
Successful sport has brought them ample cheer ;
Before huge fires roast limbs of mountain deer ;
Here, pheasants, spitted on sharp spear-points broil,
And savory hares, the greyhounds' hard-won spoil.
The aged King reclines beneath the shade,
On a low mound with cloth of gold o'erlaid,
While on his board, spread 'neath a branching oak
Broiled venison and well-browned pheasants smoke ;
And appetite, Exertion's favorite son,
Seasons each dish when the cook's work is done !

Small wonder, Kings, grown weary of their state,—
Of pomp and circumstance that hedge the great,—
Of cares that dog their steps at every turn,—
Of cringing slaves, whose flatteries they spurn,—
Of venal counselors and treacherous friends
Who wrong their confidence for selfish ends,
Rush from the throne,—(itself a fraud at best!)
To lay their aching hearts on Nature's breast!

Scarce had the feasters from their banquet ceased
Ere a tired rider, spurring toward the East,
(As round a jutting wood his courser flew)
Right in their midst, surprised, his bridle drew,—
Sprang from his horse, walked to the sheltering tree,
And to his sovereign bent his loyal knee;—
Told his brief tale—a ready listener found,
And, reeling, sank exhausted on the ground!

Now the strange power of spoken words is seen!
That aged man, who lay upon the green
In listless pleasaunce, pausing in his feast
To bandy merry speech and lightsome jest,
Springs to his feet,—his words like clarion ring,—
'Tis Bela's self, and every inch a King!
Bids all to horse,—orders his war steed brought,—
Plans every movement with the speed of thought,—
Pauses, for Hubert's welfare to provide,—
(A trusted Knight, placed on the border side
To warn his King how Rupert's projects sped,
Ere dark rebellion raise its snaky head!)
Then joins his band, like common huntsman dressed,
Mounts his stout steed, and turns him to the West!
The rest is known. Their coming saved the fight.
Their flashing blades soon put the mob to flight;
Yet scarce their swords were drawn, or poised the lance,
Ere o'er the Western hills Count Rosencranz
Came spurring to the field, (warned by the scout

Who through the picket line had stolen out.)
The fight well o'er, the gallant leaders met.
The monarch wore his hunter's trappings yet,
And warned the Count to silence by a word,
Ere by the troops the monarch's name was heard;
Called the brave Captain forth, and in his ear
Whispered a name that made him start in fear!
Warned him to close his lips,—arranged a day
When to the Fort they soon should wend their way
On other errand; bade him then prepare
His halls, and have a priest in waiting there;
And, should his plans by favoring fate be blest
Himself might join them as a wedding guest;—
Summoned the Count, and bade him plan to bring
Young Wilfred's sire, unwarned, to meet his king,—
Who, for some fancied wrong, in angry pride
For long years past had shunned his monarch's side,—
So long, that Time who, with impartial sway
Touches all heads alike, to silver grey,
Had changed those golden locks, his youthful pride,
And plowed deep creases in that forehead wide,—
Stolen his gay Youth,—made Manhood's strength his prize,
But left the magic of those searching eyes!
Left, too, the dauntless will, the subtle mind,
In Bela's mighty soul so well combined,
The world still questions which did most prevail,
Valor outweigh, or Wisdom turn the scale!

They met no more, the Baron and the King,—
On Earth at least! Before another Spring
Death, the stern Master of Life's Masquerade,
Called both great actors, and their parts were played
On Earth's rude stage. Where will they next appear?
Will some wear crowns,—some bow weak knees as here?
In the proud pageants of the other shore
Will great men tread in pride the golden floor,

While smaller men applaud? Will factions rage
To please the actors of that larger stage?
Or will it to wise lips but laughter bring
To hear such terms as BARON, COUNT, and KING,—
Those senseless words, so strangely potent here
To charm dull slaves, and hold weak fools in fear?

And still the world wagged on! Great Bela died,
And soon their tears his weeping subjects dried,
And learned with wondrous speed their grief to tame,
And shout till hoarse his great successor's name!
And Happiness, a guest with radiant face,
In Rupert's halls took dark Ambition's place;—
And childhood's merry shouts, and music rare,
And Love's sweet converse changed the echoes there,□
That wont, with trumpets' blare, and clash of sword
To soothe the pride of their departed lord!

Here leave we, then, the Tale. Should critic point
To limping lines, and metre out of joint,—
To faulty rhyme,—lack of poetic skill,—
To History warped, a crooked plot to fill,—
We bow submissive; all these faults we knew,
But hoped the tale might tempt the reader through!
If it has failed, small matter what is said,
To close a tale doomed to remain unread!

THE END.

A Ride in Fancy's Car.

In the vast fields of space, one glittering Star
Sends its bright rays in greeting from afar,
Set in its destined place by Power divine,
Where Night's bright gems in brilliant clusters shine;
So rich in sparkling wealth the bright display
Of jewelled worlds that stud the Milky Way!

A great Magician showed this Star to me,—
The greatest known on earth! Greater than he
Whose vaunted power Arabian tales have told;
Whose magic changed vile clods to pearls and gold;
Greater than she, in Israel's legends famed,
Whose arts old Samuel from Death's bands reclaimed;
Than Eastern genie, children of the Sun,
Or their great conqueror, mighty Solomon!

Who is this genie? FANCY is her name!
Her power can light Earth's deepest mine with flame;
Dive to old Ocean's depths—seek through his waves

The hidden secrets of his darkest caves;—
O'erturn the hills—delve to Earth's inmost core,
And Nature's fiery labyrinths explore;
Rise to the Sun—his molten mass defy,
To scorch her garments, or to daunt her eye!

This conjurer, my mistress, servant, guide,—
Made haste a fitting vessel to provide,
Light, spacious, warm,—that might alike defy
The cold and currents of the upper sky;
Then bade me enter,—taught my hand to steer,
To start, to stop at will its swift career;
What speed I willed, to give; or slowly guide
Through waves of ether, lightly dashed aside.
No vulgar stores our magic craft requires,—
No coal to feed a cumbrous engine's fires!
'Tis Fancy fills her sails, and bids us fly,
As starward we ascend, my guide and I!

Ha! through the clouds how swiftly darts our prow,—
Loud, rattling thunder-peals salute us now!
Flames leap from cloud to cloud,—each swirling mass
Boils in electric tumult as we pass!
Below, the earth, bathed in the moon's pale light
Shows a dim disc receding from our sight,
Flecked here and there by flaky clouds, that glow
In the bright moonlight as they float below.
O'erhead, what glories chain our ravished eyes!
There, heaven's bright chart in cloudless brilliance lies!
Old Earth's dull atmosphere behind us cast,
Clear, tenuous ether fills our sails at last,
And buoys our bark; unlimited, unseen,—
A shoreless ocean, colorless, serene,
And motionless, save where, by unknown force
Light, heat, and gravitation hold their course,
And o'er its undulations speed their way
To do the bidding of the god of day!

Hail, boundless Space! no mortal mind can grasp
The Infinite in thee! As vainly clasp
The sunshine in our arms, or change by force
Of our weak hands the tempest's wayward course,
As compass thee with thought! We can but tell
That worlds unnumbered in thy bosom dwell!
That Order, Heaven's first law, holds endless sway,
To guide the myriad worlds their destined way,
Through thy vast sea, whose every vassal wave
Leaps at the word, and owns him Nature's slave!
Great trackless waste, untraversed and untrod,
Save by swift angel messengers of God;
By peopled worlds, and worlds unpeopled still,
And fiery comets, working out His will!
Birthplace of Matter, where, in nebulous hoard
The great World-BUILDER's ample wealth is stored!
The hour arrives: the Almighty Word goes forth,
New suns revolve—new systems spring to birth,
New planets from each parent sun are hurled,
Each mass the nucleus of a future world;
Huge, gaseous spheres; then, balls of liquid fire,
Which, slowly cooling, dross-like crusts acquire;
These, heaved by fierce eruptions from below
To Alpine chains and Himalayas grow!
Vapors, condensed, descend; their gathered stores
Seek the deep vales, and oceans wash their shores!
Swift rushing tides the crumbling granite wear,
And to the shore its sandy fragments bear,
Which, kissed by suns, and washed by summer rains,
Form beds of loam that grow to fertile plains;
Then Life, God's mystery, awakes from sleep,
When His great Spirit broods upon the deep!
Microbe, mite, mammal, in procession vast,
Till Man, God's image, crowns His work at last!

Thus through the night we sail, my guide and I,

Till early morn lights up the Eastern sky.
 Sudden the Sun flames forth,—no softened rays,
 Like Day's first beams on earth. Surprised we gaze
 Through the blank sky; the starry hosts have fled;
 White glows the vaulted ether overhead,—
 Walls of pure white on every side descend,
 But no horizon-line marks where they end!
 Sudden we glance below. O glorious sight!
 A huge-orbed world, bathed in the sun's full light
 Rolls grand and lovely through the lower skies,
 And hides the Nadir from our wondering eyes!
 Full half the space below, this wonder fills.
 Seas, islands, continents—deep-shaded hills;
 Plains bathed in sunshine; forests dark as night,
 And snow-tipped mountains alternate in sight!
 The ponderous orb slow on its axis rolls;
 Wide, snow-white girdles glitter around its Poles;
 While to the West, where Night yet holds her reign
 An inky darkness rests o'er sea and plain!

Entranced I gaze; with nervous hand I haste
 To stay our progress through the trackless waste.
 The conjurer, prompt to please my wayward will,
 Lends me a glass, and bids me gaze my fill.
 The magic tubes no sooner touch mine eyes
 Than at close range all Earth's broad surface lies!
 Far to the North, 'mid huts of ice and snow,
 Wrapt in thick furs, see the stout Esquimaux
 Their dangerous labors ply; their frail barks ^{glide} glide
 To slay the bear that climbs yon iceberg's side!
 Seize the shy seal, or with strong hearts, pursue
 The mighty norwhal through the liquid blue!

Southward, the snow-belt ends; vast lakes appear,
 Where mighty rivers end their swift career!
 Broad forests wave, where axemen ply their trade;
 The severed trunks, in mighty rafts conveyed,

Float to the mills; (I see, but cannot hear,
The huge saws tear their hearts!) Then, lakes appear,
Where heavy-laden boats the billows breast;—
Then iron tracks to East, and South, and West,
Gird the wide plain,—o'er mighty rivers span,
And through vast mountains smooth a path for man!
Still further South I sweep, with curious glass;
A chain of mighty lakes in haste we pass,
Whose gathered waters, to the eastward pressed,
Plunge madly o'er Niagara's crumbling crest,
To the vexed pool below;—I fail to hear
Its din, but see a rainbow arch appear
O'er the dense vapor thrown; then glance away
Far Eastward, where beside her ample bay,
The sunlight glinting from a thousand spires,
A mighty city lies. From furnace fires
And myriad chimney-tops, in cloud-wreaths spread,
Dull, smoke-grimed vapors, floating overhead,
Veil the rich beauty they but partly hide,
As rags once draped Cophetua's lovely bride!

Beyond, the wild Atlantic heaves his tide.
I sweep his waves, where myriad vessels glide,
Teeming with life, their human freight to pour
On western lands, from Europe's crowded shore!
Ha! as I look, a tempest sweeps the main!
I see a bark tossed o'er the billowy plain;
Bravely she stems the tide; her gallant prow
Now plunges deep, mounts the steep billows now!
Her mate is at the wheel, the captain stands
On the broad deck, and shouts his prompt commands.
The fierce wind drives them on! They hope to-day
To reach the waters of a sheltering bay
On the storm-ravaged coast. With anxious eyes
O'er the wild seas his glass the captain plies
For well-known landmarks. Hark! a sudden shock,—

The fated ship has struck a sunken rock!
Through the stout plank the breakers force their way,
The hungry waters rush to seize their prey!
The scared crew swarm the deck; now, boats are seen
Swung o'er the boiling waves! With dauntless mien,
Cutlass in hand, the brawny Captain stands,
Checks the wild rush; then, o'er the bulwarks hands
The trembling women first; appoints each crew,
As each frail bark is filled; gives courage new
To the faint-hearted; keeps his place on deck
Till the last soul leaves the fast-sinking wreck!
Grant they may reach the shore! The billows blue
Rear their huge crests and hide them from my view!

The vast globe, rolling East, in morning's glow
Turns to our eyes in panoramic show
Hills, forests, plains. I scan with rapid glass,
And name the spire-crowned cities, as they pass
In swift review; note with admiring eye
Where flashing lakes bask 'neath the sunlit sky.
Mark darkling rivers wind through woody dells,
Then leap forth joyous where the sunlight dwells,
Their placid bosoms in bright ripples tossed,
By puffing boats,—or by long bridges crossed,
Reflecting in their azure depths again
The laboring locomotive's lengthened train!
Towns, cities, dull with bricks, or glittering white
Of painted wood, shown in the morning light,
Dot here and there the banks. One mighty stream
From the far North, where its lake-sources gleam
Mid parent hills, I trace,—now bright and gay
Now dark with shade, he holds his devious way!
From the far West a sister river's tide
Rolls in rude haste to swell his growing pride.
From East, West, North, a hundred rivers bring
Their watery tribute to the River-King!

A brilliant scene now bursts upon my sight!
The huge Earth, rolling in its sea of light,
Holds to the admiring Sun, still marching west,
In glittering clusters on her queenly breast
A wreath of pearly lakes, where he can view
His dazzling image shrined in altars blue,
Framed with dark forests round! Beneath my glass
Their smooth waves, dashed by steamers as they pass,
Dance in the sun's bright beams! Along each shore
Cities and smiling villages a score,
Bask in the morning light. One mighty town
I note, where endless level plains stretch down
To touch an emerald lake! O'er fields of green,
Long-stretching lines of rail, like wheel-spokes seen,
Converge within her bounds. My lenses show
How life swarms in her crowded streets below!

Great City of the West! destined to be
The greatest in the world! through Faith I see
Thy growing grandeur as the years roll past,
Thy wealth and enterprise,—thy commerce vast,
Thy wondrous energy, which, toward the skies,
From ashes bade thy towering structures rise!
Would that my faith were potent still, to show
Thy *moral* gains with wealth material grow!
Till, rich in virtuous men, thy name might stand
The pride and glory of this Western land!

But the vast orb rolls Eastward still, and shows
Broad fertile fields beneath us as it goes,
Where Agriculture drives his plows afield,
And ample farms their cereal products yield.
Beyond, loom mountain peaks; Earth's motion true,
Soon brings their rocky summits full in view,
Some capped with snow; some rich in mineral store,
Where toiling miners delve for precious ore.

And still she rolls,—this Earth beneath my feet,

And other views revolve, my eyes to greet !
Plains, dry and sandy as Sahara's waste,
Whose alkaline pools the thirsty dare not taste ;
Plains where no flower can bloom, nor fruitful tree ;
Uncheered by song of bird, or hum of bee,—
Where I, a weary emigrant, in pain,
Drove patient oxen, in a lengthened train,
What time, when youthful hope my thoughts controlled,
Thy mines, Eureka, fired my thirst for gold !
Ah, fruitless hopes ! those treasures, seen so plain,
Proved but false, air-drawn nuggets of the brain !
Yet Hope still traveled daily by my side,
Spurred my slow steps, and cheered the tedious ride,
O'er burning sands, parched by the summer's heat,
With drooping head, brave heart, but blistered feet !
(Could I have passed *them*, as they pass *me* by,
Revolving swiftly 'neath my glass and eye,
Full many a sigh were saved, and many a groan,
And some profanity, I'm bound to own !)

Another hour ! Earth's motion, swift and true,
Brings the majestic Sierras in review.
Grand and sublime they rise ! narrow, but tall,
They loom against the sky a jagged wall,
Whose every ridge, and every peak in sight
Wears on its crest a crown of dazzling white !

The hills have passed ; our car now hovers high
O'er almost tropic lands, in tropic sky !
Where Southern fruits mid Northern grains are found,
And Spring and Summer reign, the long year round !
To West, the Ocean stretches fair to view,—
And Earth a ball now seems, half-bound in blue,
Yet, ere an hour speeds by, 'tis blueness all !
The azure covering stretches o'er the ball !
And all below, around, on every side
The blue Pacific spreads his convex tide !

And now 'tis dark. To aid the fading light
The full-orbed Moon comes forth to cheer the night,
And FANCY, ever changeful, turns her eyes
And steers our car to pierce the upper skies!
Straight toward Night's shining orb, through fields of blue,
And swifter far than bullet ever flew
From forceful gun, on murderous errand bent
Fly we, up toward the starry firmament,
Nor look behind, but eager, climb the sky,
So rapt are we, my airy guide and I!

How silent is the Vast! The car we're in
Makes not a ripple in the ether thin!
No milestones mark our flight—no sight, no sound,
No life, no motion, jars the abyss profound!
And awe o'ercomes me, as our course we trace:
What if, a wanderer in these realms of space,—
A lost soul, exiled from my kind, and given
No hold on Earth, no anchorage in Heaven,
Condemned, I float in space through fields untrod,
A wandering spirit, lost to man and God!
I reel,—I faint! Then a low voice I hear:
"Be not dismayed; thy God is ever near!
No stretch of space,—not Fancy's wildest flight,
Bears thee beyond His care, His pitying sight!"

Cheered by the words, I rouse me from my trance,
And gaze before me, through the dim expanse,
Where Earth's fair Satellite looms full in view,
Before my speeding car! I mark its hue,
Where dull, dead clay, and bare, discolored stones
And lifeless soil, dry as a mummy's bones
Tell of a world long dead! Vast mountain chains,
Stretch their huge, shapeless mass through lifeless plains,
Their seamed sides charred with fire, or ghastly white
With ashes of burnt forests, pain the sight!
Whose darkling shadows o'er the valleys vast

Grim silhouettes in spectral horror cast !

Nearer I draw ; my magic glass I seize,
 And scan fair Luna's features at my ease !
 Not such, fond lovers see,—the sweet-faced Moon,
 Sacred to love and song ! when leafy June
 Or budding May their ardent footsteps move,—
 To meet 'neath trysting tree, or sheltering grove !
 Or Poet's eye, which, in her shadowy face,
 A goddess fair, or angel's looks can trace !
 Such sad example proves the proverb true,
 That "distance lends enchantment to the view ;"
 A nearer look destroys the glamour's spell,
 And points *our* planet's certain doom as well !

But can it be ? What objects fill my glass,
 And start even FANCY, as its lens they pass !
 I rub the glass,—my eyes,—then look again !
Can these be cities, towering o'er the plain ?
 'Tis true ! I see huge blocks of brick and stone,
 Wide streets, well paved—as stately as our own ;
 And many a palace, many a lordly hall,
 To tell of Pride that hastened to a fall !
 I draw still nearer,—ply my glass again,
 Where many a cot lies scattered o'er the plain,
 And in the shadows of each palace proud,
 Low, squalid huts, and dingy hovels crowd !
 "And is it thus," I sigh ; "by Nature's plan,—
 Must, in all worlds, man lord it over man ?
 Is there no sphere, free from fell Pride's alloy,
 Where equal fates are shared, and equal joy ?
 Must there be ever found, in every state,
 The humble *little*, and the haughty *great* ?

Here Fancy twigs my ear, and call to mind
 That bright star-world we'd started forth to find,
 So brightly now it gleams, so pure, so fair,
 'Twere safe to hope we'll find no trouble there !

Bids me unfurl my sails, nor tarry here
To mourn *dead* worlds, when *living* ones are near!
Yet, ere we launch again into the Vast,
Back toward my native Earth one look I cast,
And view, delighted, in the midnight sky,
Our radiant Planet, in the zenith high,
Revolving, grand and fair!—a sight to see
When men lived here, and toiled, and gazed, as we!
(Though the ungenerous Moon, the learned say,
Turns constantly one side the other way!)
For, as we wait, and, all-enraptured, gaze,
Their well-known forms Earth's continents upraise,
White toward the poles, where, in the Sun's bright glow,
Lie untrod regions of eternal snow!
Then, darker shades, where forests vast extend,
Dotted with shining points, whence lakelets send
The sun's rays back; then belts of prairie green,
Whose tinge of verdure faintly can be seen
By naked eye; then, as they eastward roll
The broad Pacific spreads from pole to pole!

Now Fancy tugs, impatient to be gone;—
Our car, self driven, speeds exultant on;
Thin ether parts before, in walls of glass,
As the Red Sea, to let pressed Israel pass!
Behind, the lagging sunbeams vainly chase;—
Each heart-beat scores a million leagues of space!
A comet flies ahead, in full career!
I wave my hat!—we pass him with a cheer!
“What world is that beyond?” I asked my guide.
“’Tis Jupiter”, prompt Fancy quick replied!
“I fain would pause to mark his wondrous size!”
“He moves too slow,” impatient Fancy cries!
“And, since his monstrous bulk through Space was hurled,
’Tis not yet cooled and hardened to a world!
Ten million years thou’lt lie in earthly dust,

Ere a new Adam tread its cooling crust!"
"Is't the bright Sun ahead? I fear his rays,
Should our light car his burning surface graze!"
"Behold!" my guide replies, "nay, do not fear!
'Tis but a second, and we pass his sphere!
Then, distanced by our speed, each flaming dart
Will cool its fiery point in ether's heart!"

I cast a hurried glance; with dazzled eyes
I watch his flames leap madly up the skies!
I see vast arms of flame reach, fierce and tall
Ten thousand leagues above the fiery ball!
I see fierce tempests rage; dread sounds I hear,
And vast explosions shock my deafened ear!
I gaze; I note, with awe to fear allied,
A hail of comets splash his molten tide!
And fated worlds, whose terms of life expire,
Plunge in that seething mass of liquid fire,
Weighed in God's scales, perchance, and wanting found,
They feed the flames to warm fair worlds around!

The Sun is passed; his planetary fold
He leads through fields of ether, as of old;
And other suns, with other worlds in tow,
Cross our swift track, and to the rearward go.
Aldebaron, a sun of wondrous power,—
Hot Sirius,—we pass them in a hour!
"Ha, my good guide! what mighty ones are these?"
"This brilliant group! The world-famed Pleiades!"
And here, chief of all stars, which gem the zone
Of Night, we see the brilliant Alcyone,
And, mid that Central Sun's attendant train,
We'll seek our Perfect World, nor seek in vain?"

Thus Fancy cried; and Hope leaped from a star
To Fancy's side, and helped her guide the car!
Yet, with their vision, trained since time began
To see brave sights, invisible to man,—

Armed with Imagination's powerful glass,
Full many an hour in painful doubt we pass,
Ere, 'mong the hosts that glitter, near and far
We fix upon "that bright particular star!"

My treasure's found! Descending in my car,
I wonder, as I scan my model star!
Not brighter than our Earth its lustre glows,
Nor larger to the eye its outline shows.
I note, as round its sun this planet rolls,
It dips, like ours, its axis and its poles;
And the same angle holds, which, science shows,
Gives to Earth's polar zones their endless snows!
We hoped for better things, my guide and I!
For Spring eternal, 'neath a cloudless sky;
But as, in slow review its features pass,
It looks another Earth, beneath my glass!
Seas, continents, hills, valleys, wood, and plain,
All seem to duplicate our own again!
Even desert wilds, and ice-bound realms appear,
Swamps miasmatic, stagnant, dark and drear;
Parched torrid belts, which shade and water need,
And rocky wastes, too poor their sons to feed!

I heave a sigh with disappointment fraught;
Even Fancy's drooping wings sustain her not!
"As well," she cries, "might Earth herself appear,
A model world, to stranger hovering near!
Hath our long voyage failed? Must I confess,
Fancy's no certain guide to Happiness?
Yet, should *this* venture but a failure prove
'Tis Fancy only leads to happy Love!
And, even on Earth, where few can rank as blest,
Imagination's joys lead all the rest!
Yet, ere sad Fancy, self-condemned, give way,
Approach we nearer, and our goal survey!"

Swift toward the spinning globe our car descends,

And hovers, where a boundless plain extends,
Whose every teeming rood, beneath us seen,
Lies rich in plants, or clothed with meadows green.
No fence offends the eye, or wastes the space,
Where plants might grow, or trees the landscape grace!
Broad streets at intervals the plats divide,—
Well gravelled walks and alleys clean and wide
In lines symmetrical each field surround,
Or bend to suit the undulating ground.

On each wide, graveled, street, 'neath shading trees,
Low, spacious cottages the gazer sees,
Their white walls peeping through the foliage green,
With verdant lawns, and fruitful trees between,—
Not crowded, as Earth's cities ever stood,
But near enough for social neighborhood,
And all alike! No towering structure here
Throws shame upon an humbler dwelling near!
Yet all seem homes where Happiness might dwell,
Where Youth mights joy, and Age be sheltered well!
But pride, and luxury, and pomp and show
Find naught to feed upon, nor room to grow!

Now FANCY seized the helm: we sailed away
Beyond the plains, to where rough regions lay,
Where Agriculture poorer products yields,
And scanty harvests clothe the barren fields.
Surprised I look! Even Poverty is blest!
These mountain homes are equal to the best!
Though thin their soil,—though rocks rough barriers rear,
Comfort and Plenty force their entrance here!
The mountain's rugged side, the valley deep,
Feed with sweet grass the wool-producing sheep;
And, from their woody flanks, and summits high,
The useful pine and sturdy oak supply,
And when their stalwart sons, too numerous grown,
Swarm from their hives to fields before unknown,

Their sinews, hardened in the mountain land,
Win welcome, where strong limbs are in demand!

Curious, I curb my FANCY's further flight,
And 'mong the sons of men, unseen alight!
I con the strangers o'er: I search in vain
For care-worn brow, bowed form, or twinge of pain;
Youth sportive seems, of course; 'tis Nature's way;-
Stout Manhood calmer looks, yet blithe and gay;
Age, happy and serene; his locks of snow
Wave round smooth cheeks, where ruddy Health doth glow!
And o'er all ranks,—in eyes, in mien, in face,
A kindly, loving spirit sheds its grace,—
A kinship which no selfishness can brook,
Shrined in each heart, acknowledged in each look!
I seek their homes; no keys their doors require,
The stranger eye hath shelter, food and fire;
I scan their food: I note their midday meal:
No flesh of bird or beast they boards reveal;
But, smoking from each kitchen's ample hearth
Are herbs and roots well known to sons of Earth,
And wheaten bread, and fruit of plum and pear,
And golden apples piled in plenty there;
And ruddy grape, and luscious peach attest
That Cultivation here hath done her best,
And, though their fruits and ours show common birth
They'd take the prize o'er aught we show on earth!

And now my FANCY 'mong the crowd I sent
To learn their speech, their forms of government,
Their habits, feelings, hopes; to watch unseen,
Their modes of toil; their history to glean.
Like Noah's dove she left; like her, alack,
She came again, but brought slight tokens back!
(Be not impatient, readers one and all:
Tis but a puny Sprite attends my call!)
This is the story told my guide one day

As on a mountain's side discoursing lay
 My FANCY and a Sage, whose thoughtful eyes
 And whitened locks bespoke him old and wise :

“Here, in a garden, rich in herbage rare
 Their life began our first created Pair.
 Whence came their breath of life, is far from clear,—
 We only know, God made and placed them here!
 The God who made the world, made Man, and gave
 To him dominion over land and wave,
 Bade him hold sway, but as God's agent still,
 Obey His laws, and work his Master's will.

“Tradition saith, a Tempter found their bower,
 And sought to tempt them in an evil hour;
 But, to their God, themselves, and Duty true,
 They scorned his lies, and his allurements too!
 The Tempter fled; nor ever from that day,
 Hath evil lured the sons of men astray!

“One Golden Rule, God gave, to aid his plan;
 “FEAR GOD: DO RIGHT; AND LOVE THY FELLOW-MAN!”
 Few words it hath; for words there's little need;
 They cannot err, who steer them by this creed!
 Our Laws are few, which Age to Youth imparts;
 We have our Statutes written on our hearts!
 Our wise men counsel give, from day to day;—
 They teach in love, and we in love obey!
 All men have equal rights: the wise, the great,
 Live simply as the weakest in the State!
 Each earns his daily bread: his living sure,
 Each gives his surplus freely to the poor!
 If drouth, or blight, or storm the price enhance
 And wants vex some, 'tis Plenty's valued chance,
 And want receives, with independence quite,
 Not as an alms, but as his lawful right!

“In public granaries our wealth is stored,
 Where all who labor keep their garnered hoard,

Subject to draft at will; the state hath power
To aid the needy in their suffering hour,
And to the tillers of less fruitful soil
To equalize their comforts and their toil!
Thus doth the fruitful valley gladly give
Its surplus, that poor mountaineers may live,
And freely: for despite all ills that fall,
The generous soil gives ample food for all!

“Our wants are simple; blest with strength and health,
Why should we care to store unneeded wealth?
Our hours of toil are short; the rest are due
To friendly intercourse; to study, too!
The old delight to teach; the young, who yearn
For knowledge, flock to schools, the truth to learn;
And Science, free from mercenary bent,
Scans the wide world, and sweeps the Firmament;
And with clear glasses, swung on turrets high,
Studies far worlds that dot the upper sky!
Prints in fair books the wisdom gained by years,
Solves Nature’s complex laws that rule the spheres;
And by the chemist’s skill gross things refines,
And various substance in new shapes combines.

“You ask, is MONEY known? I think I guess
Your meaning, though ’tis dark, I must confess!
For garnered grain or other goods in store,
I take a check,—that tells its worth, no more!
It represents the estimated days
Spent in the fields, that store of grain to raise!
On that, I draw at will; the check I hold
May to my neighbor for his goods be sold.
He makes warm shoes, or boards to shed the rain,
I buy his wares,—he buys my surplus grain.
Why should I hoard these checks? Why swell my store?
I have enough! what boots to gather more?

“Have we ambitions,—hopes,—to stir our blood?

Our veins course not with fierce, impetuous flood!
Nor need we, for our healthful happiness
To stimulate to ardor, or excess!
Excitement is disease; the brain it turns,—
’Tis but a fever, while its passion burns!
We live, we learn, we love,—we do our parts;
Our children come; they cheer our loving hearts;
We see them grow in health, in virtue’s ways;
In peace we toil; in joy we end our days!
In other worlds, hath life more gifts in store?
We ask them not; *our* cup is running o’er!”

“But have we then no *hope* beyond the grave?
Nay, ’tis a *certainty* the righteous have,”
The aged man replied;—and cast his eyes
In ecstasy toward the placid skies,
As one who, certain of his life’s reward
Looks with indifference on his pallet hard,
His rugged toils,—but turns, with longing fond,
To endless joys and endless youth beyond!

Scarce had my airy guide her story told
When Hope sprang buoyant up, and ’gan unfold,
(As, in our car again our seats we took,
O’er the dense, peopled plains once more to look,
Whose sons, unvexed by plague, unthinned by war
Fill her broad lands, and islands near and far,)
A dream she oft had dreamed; how, peace to win,
Our Earth had banished Selfishness and Sin!
How Happiness, armed with the Gospel Plan
Built her waste places up, and dwelt with Man!
Then Fancy, building castles in the air,
Touched their aerial spires with colors rare,
Drew unpretentious homes, with plenty blessed,
Dotting the prairies of the fruitful West;
With boundless wealth, in fair division shown,—
No rich, no poor, no want, no surfeit known!

And thus we talked, nor saw how, earthward drawn
Our car hung fluttering at early dawn
O'er Earth's fair face again! The place I guessed;
Twas the rich prairie belt that girds the West!
I see a city, on a mighty lake;
My car descends; my well known walk I take,
To where, mid costly blocks, and structures grand
I mark in front a stately palace stand,
Where merchants come, to ply the arts of Trade,—
Where fortunes in an hour are lost, and made!
Where the vast products of a million farms,—
The labor of ten million brawny arms,—
The wealth those arms create by honest toil,
Are made the gambler's prize, the robber's spoil!
I see vast wealth, ground out by Labor's mill,
But poverty, that turns it, poorer still!
I see the Rich by cloying surfeit cursed,
The Poor by want!—(who knows which suffers worst!
For still the rich for greater riches sigh,
As doth the poor with gnawing hunger cry!)
I see Earth's sons, in angry strife and brawl,
Scramble for food, where Plenty grows for all;
With eager eyes, and blind, insatiate greed
The rich still gather gold they do not need,
But hoard in gloomy vaults from light of day,
While beggars starve for that they hide away!
I see Want nourish Crime; in prisons vast
I see ten thousand needy culprits cast,
I see the orphaned boy, despairing, turn,
And steal the bread he has no chance to earn!
I see the burglar break the banker's hold,
And from the railroad-wrecker wrest his gold,—
That gold which, parted in division fair,
The robber need not rob to get his share!
I bid my Fancy rest—I turn to Sense!

I ask: Will Wisdom rule, some ages hence?
Will the Millenium come, foretold of yore,
And Selfishness and Sin be known no more?
Till then, in vain with *laws* we bind the land:
As well tie Ocean down with ropes of sand!
No human codes to Brotherhood can move,—
The heart, now hard, must soften into Love!
Take, for its rule of Life, this simple plan;
“Fear God; do right; and love thy fellow-man!”

From the Sacramento Union, (Cal.)

COME OUT TO THE WEST!

Come out here, my friends, to this Land of the West,—
To our new-founded “Araby, balmy and blest!”
There is health in her breezes, and wealth in her soil,
Which she offers to all as the guerdon of toil.
Oh, leave far behind you those sordid domains
Where Wealth over Merit so haughtily reigns!
Where ignorance, selfishness, meanness and sin
Are all cloaked by the gauds which she decks herself in,
Where poverty meekly sits under the thrall,
Nor resents the rude blows proud Oppression lets fall,
Where Justice is blind, and Religion is deaf,
Where the weak raise their voices and hands for relief.
Come, hardy backwoodsman! ’tis here you may toil,
With no landlord to pounce on the fruits of your soil!

Come out, stalwart Youth, to God's free, open field,
The rock-rending pick and the shovel to wield.
Come out, tired Manhood, from debt and despair,
Leave your close, stifling shops for the life-giving air,
For a couch on the sod, in the summer nights dry,
Where the hills are your walls and your roof is the sky !
Come out here young maidens, who smiles shall reward,
And brighten our labors, through rugged and hard !
Oh, come to the land girt by mountain and sea,
Whoe'er would be rich, independent and free !

Would you live in a land where no Winter is known ?
Which unites all the beauties of Earth's every zone ?
Where a Sabbath-day's journey from mountain to plain
Leaves the snow-crowned hill-top for fields golden with grain ?
Would you gaze on those hills on whose cloud-piercing crests
The snow, pure and shining, eternally rests ?
Would you see the vast Ocean her rocky coast lave
As the sun dips at evening beneath his blue wave ?
Would you help found a race as free and as strong,
And as brave as e'er flourished in story or song ?
Would you carve out a fortune and build you a home,
With a race of such spirits as founded old Rome ?
Would you live among MEN who are worthy the name,
And of sires that o'er seas in the Mayflower came ?
Would you rear up your children bold, hardy and strong
True scions of the old stock to which they belong ?
Would you help bend the twig just shooting to birth,
To grow up the fairest e'er planted on earth
'Neath the shade of whose branches our children shall rest
Rich in all of Earth's blessings ? Then come to the West ?

J. W. T.

Sacramento, Cal., Feb'y 26, 1852.

From the Sacramento Union.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

Must there stretch between us ever
Deserts vast and oceans wide!
Still must plains and mountains sever,
Time and space our souls divide?
And while distance thus doth part us,
Must Time's current still run on,
Till lost years, when noted, start us,
Ere my pilgrimage be done?

Yet, what are miles and leagues unnumbered
When thought o'erleaps them at a bound?
Thought, which, all free and unencumbered,
Nor skims the air nor treads the ground,
But scarce has left his master's soul,—
A genie prompt to do his mission
Ere, presto! it has reached its goal,
All matchless in its swift transition.

The lightning on the wire rides fast,—
The iron horse is fleet in motion,
And swiftly flies before the blast
The noble ship that plows the ocean;
But not the vessel, nor the car,
Nor scarce the wire-winged mail-magician
Can in their vaunted speed compare
With Thought, when speeding on its mission!

Thought waits upon our waking hours,
Obedient to the soul's command,
Submits its will, its wondrous powers
Slave to that great magician's wand;
But sleep steals o'er the ruling spirit,
Dissolves its spells, and thought is free!
No guiding hand to check or steer it,
It roves the land and skims the sea!

But not alone through space it ranges,
Brighter than Iris, free as air,
It glides through Time's unceasing changes
And mingles Past and Present there!
In dreams it revels in past pleasures,—
Delights in joys of other climes,
And treads in gay, fantastic measures
Through the bright maze of happy times!

But when the stranger, sad and lonely,
Sinks into sleep in foreign lands,
Thought roves no more, but *homeward* only
Is led by Memory's faithful hands!
And Home! how rich in light and lustre
When in the haze of dreamland seen!
How thick its joys and beauties cluster,
How bright its flowers—its fields how green!

The brightest suns shine down to gild it—
The sweetest bird-notes fill the air,—
Heaven's purest atmosphere has filled it,
And Heaven itself seems pictured there!
Pictured? No,—Heaven's an airy region
Where spirits float in joy and bliss,
And spirits, an uncounted legion
In dreams *create* a Heaven like this!

Thus doth our every hill and valley
By night pour forth its spirit-band;
O'er mountains, plains and seas they sally
And swiftly reach the Eastern land!
How often, 'mid these happy rovers
My wandering fancy plies her wings,—
Till o'er my *Home* she gaily hovers,
And there she checks her wanderings!

There stands the gray old homestead near me;—
The open gate bids welcome fair,
Voices of mirth ring out to cheer me,
And joy and peace seem reigning there,
And now the "watch-dog's honest barking"
"Bays deep-mouthed welcome" from the door,
And well-known friends, in pleasure starting
Across the threshold seem to pour.

Each beaming eye speaks joy unbounded,—
Each outstretched hand seeks out my own;
Sure, ne'er was monarch thus surrounded
With faithful hearts, though on his throne!
Ah, home! if thus in dreams we love thee,—
If thus thy charms can cheer our sleep,
How will reality improve thee
When soul and sense thy joys shall reap!

Who that hath crossed the stormy ocean,
Or toiled o'er mountain, flood and plain,
But looked with hope and strong emotion
To see his distant home again!
Parched on the desert, tossed on billows,—
Threatened with death by land or sea,
One blissful image haunts our pillows:
'Tis then, "sweet Home," we dream of thee!

J. W. T.

Sacramento, Cal., April 20, 1852.

A SONG.

Dedicated to the "Governor's Guards," and sung at the American Theatre, by WM. S. BINGHAM, at his Benefit, July 29, 1852.

While our earth was yet young, and her sons free and strong,
Her bravest and noblest sought glory in battle;—
Their bold deeds still live in the blazon of song,
Where their spears brightly gleam and their swift chariots
rattle,

Even now in our day, when old Earth has grown gray,
And the clear sun of Science sheds light on our way,
There's a halo of glory, and bright may it wave
O'er the soldier's rough path, and the hero's low grave!

When the glorious Thirteen, on the Fourth of July
Called their sons to the struggle that made us a Nation,
The Atlantic's glad waves bore their fearless reply
To the tyrants abroad in their great Declaration!
Now the West shouts again a response o'er *her* main,
And the snow-crowned Nevada re-echo the strain,
'Tis the chorus of glory, and long may it wave.
O'er the soldier's brave deeds, and the hero's low grave!

When Rome proudly rose 'mong the barbarous hordes,
Built and bulwarked by exiles and immigrant strangers,
'Twas her disciplined guards, and her ever bright swords
Brought the young giant safe through a legion of dangers!

Born like Rome then, our State will grow mighty and great
 While her "GUARDS," trained and valiant, her bidding await,
 Till a laurel-wreath twine round the brow of each brave,
 Or the tears of the free wash the sod o'er his grave!

And this be our answer when scoffers abroad
 Say our gold has absorbed every noble emotion.
 We've stout hearts and strong hands to defend our loved sod,
 Though beleaguered by land and menaced from the ocean,
 From each town, far and near, her brave "GUARDS" will
 appear.
 And their bright swords will flash while a foeman is here,
 And EUREKA her banner in triumph still wave
 O'er the "land of the free and the home of the brave!"

J. W. T.

Sacramento, Cal., July 29, 1852.

From the Chicago Tribune.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S ULTIMATUM.

We're a mighty, new-born Nation
 Sprung to life and power and station,
 Just by seizing the occasion
 Of elections in the North.
 For we've cut in indignation
 From the old confederation
 With its "black amalgamation,"
 Abolition, and so forth!

And we've snubbed our Uncle Sam, sir
For that potentate's a sham, sir,
And we do not care a d——n, sir,
 For his little puny arm!
We could whip him single-handed;
But if succor we demanded
Foreign troops would soon be landed
 Lest our cotton come to harm!

For Great Britain, France and Russia,
Spain, and Austria, and Prussia,
With sloop, man-of-war and cruiser
 To King Cotton's aid would sail,
All your ports they would blockade, sir
And your Yankee land invade, sir,
In a second grand Crusade, sir
 To set free the Cotton Bale!

And we're mighty, too, in figures,—
We've "four hundred thousand niggers,"—
And we talk of pulling triggers
 Storming forts, and marching North;
And if Lincoln, the much-hated
Dares to be inaugurated
Please to note, his doom is dated
 From that fatal March the Fourth!

So we warn each Northern coward,
You are sure to be devoured
By our lions from the Sou'ward,
 Led by Keitt, Rhett, and Wise!
So you'd best go in for "fusion",—
And amend your Constitution
Bow before our "Revolution",
 Seeking favor in our eyes!

You must let us fret our fill, sirs,
Whip our slaves at Bunker-hill, sirs,
Carry Slavery where we will, sirs,—
Own that Slavery is right!
You must change public opinion
And throughout the whole dominion,
You must whip and gag and pinion
All who speak in its despite!

Then we'll take off the embargo,
Bring in niggers by the cargo,
(Just as far as we will dare go,
Lest the British lion roar!)
Then we'll buy Cuba, or *take* her,
Coax old Spain to sell, or make her,—
And for Mexico, we'll rake her,
Gaining slave states three or four!

If you'll stand this, you "poor devil,"*
And be humble, meek and civil,
Though the Union *is* an evil,
We'll endure it for a spell;
But you Yankees must knock under,
And for fear of any blunder,
"If we cannot have the plunder,
Let the Union go to h—l!"†

J. W. T.

* Name for all working men. † Quotation from Southern speech.

From the Chicago Tribune.

HO ' FOR COMPROMISE !

War beacons blaze on Southern hills,—
On Southern plains armed hosts review,—
War's clarion blast the country fills,
And what can we poor Yankess do
But "Compromise?"

They've seized our friends among them found,—
Their only crime their Northern birth,—
Hung, tarred and feathered, gagged and bound,
Till we've no remedy on earth
But "Compromise!"

They tramp our banners 'neath their feet,—
They storm our forts, our mints they seize,—
Our stolen vessels swell their fleet,—
Such daring foes we'd best appease
By "Compromise!"

Our Northern conscience is too nice,
Religion but fanatic zeal!
Let's change our doctrines in a trice,
And all we hope, and think, and feel,
For "Compromise!"

Let party platforms pass away,
Our fathers' creeds and faith be spurned,

Even sacred Freedom we'll betray,
And all that Freedom's cause has earned,
For "Compromise!"

Let Justice throw his scales away,
Humanity go weep in vain;
For we, to uphold King Cotton's sway,
Must train the hound and forge the chain's,
And "Compromise!"

What though our country's name be stained,
What though Heaven's favor we forego,
"The Union, sirs, must be maintained!"
So, strike her colors to the foe,
And "Compromise!"

Let Washington in odium rot,
While great Jeff. Davis takes his place;
Let Jackson's firmness be forgot,
While weak-kneed statesmen shriek for grace
And "Compromise!"

No "force bill" fills the South with fears!
"Closed ports" would chafe their fiery mood!
"Coercion" grates on Southern ears;—
We'll deal with traitors dyed in blood
By "Compromise!"

Virginia! make your "just demands!"
Texas! thy *wrongs* shall be redressed!
And South Carolina's gentle hands
May crack the whip o'er all the rest!
We'll "Compromise!"

Victoria, Ill., Feb'y 17, 1861.

J. W. T.

Written at Fort Donelson, Tenn.

TO MY WIFE AT HOME.

It is a dark and stormy day, and here I sit alone,
And ponder o'er the dreamy Past,—o'er precious moments
 flown,
The sweet communion with my friends, that cheered my path
 in life,
But most upon the happy years since you became my Wife!
 My own true-hearted wife—my precious, faithful wife,
 Whose sunny smile could Care beguile, and give new
 charms to life.

Our Northern land is bleak enough, in Winter's rugged reign,
And oft we sigh for milder climes, and wait for Spring in
 vain,
But Winter's evenings have their charms, and stormy days
 are dear,
When, gathered round our warm firesides, our loved ones all
 are near
 And there I join my wife, my kind and cheerful wife,
 Whose sunny face illumines the place, and gilds my hum-
 ble life.

Here dwell we in the "Sunny South," where Winter's reign
 is mild,
But blood has stained her valleys rich, and drenched her
 mountains wild;

And armies tread her fruitless fields, and spoil her garnered
store,

And widowed wives and orphan babes their hapless lot deplore
But Northward dwells my wife, my children and my wife,
Those plains, though cold, in safety hold my bairns and
precious wife!

These haughty dames in Dixie's land would scorn her toil-
stained hands,

For dusky slaves attend their will, and wait on their com-
mands;

They waste in idleness their days, and neither toil nor spin,
Nor heed God's law to fallen man, by sweat his bread to win!

But thank God for my wife, my brave, hard-working wife,
Our board is spread with toil-earned bread, and labor
sweetens life!

Then from the banks of Cumberland, and hills of Tennessee,
Though dark and stormy is the day, I'll drink a health to
thee!

I'll fill my glass at yonder spring, and quaff with right good
will

To our noble, grand old Prairie State, our home through
good and ill!

And to my true-hearted wife, my gentle Northern wife,
My noble State, my precious mate, the dearest boons of
life!

J. W. T.

Dec. 15, 1862.

THE ASSASSINATION.

Written on receiving the news, at Clarksville, Tenn., of the murder of President Abraham Lincoln.

The Statesman, Sage, and Patriot, is dead!

The Pilot of our Ship of State is lost!

Death's murderous shaft has bowed that towering head

Which, when our bark, storm-beat and tempest-tossed

Drove floundering on, o'er rock, and reef, and bar

Still 'neath the beating storm could aye be seen

Firm at the helm,—amid the doubtful war

Of hostile elements, bold, calm, serene!

Full oft her crew, with imprecations loud

Have sought to swerve him from his course in vain;

Full oft before the gale her masts have bowed,

Which drove her headlong o'er the watery plain!

And some grew faint,—and some were false at heart,—

A wild, excited, fierce and fickle crew!

And wreck seemed certain—but her Pilot's art,

And God's great mercy brought the staunch ship through!

But, now the port is near, and danger past,

And the saved crew chant praises as they go,

What dirge is this, that, rising on the blast

Breaks on our ears, and turns our joy to woe?

Where sleep thy vengeful thunders, righteous God!

Can hell-born Murder strike such prey, and live !
Must we be stricken by thy chastening rod
Even while hosannas in thy praise we give ?

While joy-bells ring for triumphs in the field,
And cannon thunder loud to greet the day
When Treason's stronghold, forced at last to yield
Hoists the proud flag that owns the Nation's sway,
Must grief's deep sobs choke down our shouts of glee ?
Must dirges swell where erst glad pæans rose ?
Must we, reversing Denmark's legend, see
Our wedding-feast with rites funereal close ?

Was it to nerve our fast-relaxing arms,—
Renew our hate for Treason, at an hour
When, sated with success, we feel the charms
Soft Peace exerts to rob us of our power ?
Have we "grown pigeon-livered, and lack gall ?"
Prone to forget our martyrs, starved and slain,
Within old Libby's thrice-accursed wall,
And Georgia's slaughter-pens of death and pain ?

God knows our hearts ! It may indeed be true
This warning's sent to us in hour of need,—
That He allowed this hireling wretch to do
The traitors' will, to damn them with a deed
Should shut the gates of mercy on a land
Which breeds such monsters, till, through years of **pain**
Where Shame and dark Remorse walk hand in hand,
The South win Heaven's favor once again !

Well, be it so ! As they do make their bed
So let them lie ! Martyrs fall not in vain,
And this Assassination, treason-bred,
Will bring on traitor heads the curse of Cain !
And through the cycles of each coming age,

This foul Rebellion, crushed beneath the rod,
Will drag its hated name through History's page,
A branded MURDERER, cursed of man and God!

Clarksville, Tenn.

J. W. T.

From the New York Tribune.

TO MORTON, THE PEN-MAKER.

An Advertisement.

MORTON, pick me out a Pen,—
You've all patterns, shapes and sizes,
Fitted to "all sorts or men,"
So THE TRIBUNE advertises;
And what Greeley says, you know
We Republicans can bet on,—
But we'll let "Friend Horace" go,
And to business soon we'll get on.
Choose one limber, fine and fair,—
Smooth of nib—*sans* scratch or sputter,—
That a sweeping stroke will bear,
Spreading ink "as smooth as butter";—
Gliding quickly back again
To a line as light and slender
As divides the placid main
From the blue sky's evening splendor!
Let the virgin gold unite
With her "iridosmin" lover,

Like our Union, strong and bright
When her fiery ordeal's over!
Gold as pure as patriot's heart,
Temper true as warrior's blade,—
Perfect formed in every part
As the Bond our fathers made!
May the inky stream that flows
O'er its spotless, shining face,
Pass, unsullyng as it goes,
Leaving no corroding trace,
As our Nation's deadly blight
Washed by martyrs' blood and tears
Soon shall vanish from our sight
With the swift receding years!
May it as elastic be
Under pressure of my hand,
As, with all her children free
Soon will rise our sore-pressed land!

Such the Pen I long have sought,
Morton, *Amicus Scriblorum*!
Many a "stylus" have I bought,—
Much the "tin" I've squandered for 'em!
But how will my fingers caper,—
How my fancy soon will sport on
When across the virgin paper
Glides my "Number Six" from MORTON!

J. W. T.

Victoria, Ills., July 13, 1862.

To Lieut. R. D. R., 83d Ills., on His Marriage.

He heard his country's call for aid,
In youth's bright halcyon day;
For love's nor friendship's charms he staid,
But eager, buckled on his blade;
His fond adieus in haste he paid
Then tore him from his weeping maid
And hastened to the fray!

"Farewell to Love! sweet guest, farewell!"
Our youthful martyr cried;
"In peaceful groves thou best mayst dwell,—
In sheltered vale or flowery dell;
Heroic thoughts my bosom swell,—
Love, be thou banished for a spell,
And Honor be my bride!"

Love, who by chance was sporting near,
O'erheard, and winked in glee!
"I'm banished, eh! that's rather queer!
And so we're bound to part, I hear!
Good bye, young hero—never fear,
Wait till you've missed me for a year!
You'll see, friend R.—you'll see!"

So R. went forth in youthful pride
Where cannon belched their thunder;—

The rugged paths of duty tried,—
Faced death and danger far and wide,—
Wooded glory for a soldier's bride,
Yet felt a throbbing in his side
That filled his soul with wonder.

For every day increased the pain
With which the youth was pining.
The doctors diagnosed in vain,
And pharmacy no clue could gain;
That something ailed the lad was plain
Though sound in stomach, pulse and brain!
It baffled all divining!

At last the secret stood confessed,—
Young Love, when warned to part,
As R. arrayed him in his best,
Got smuggled in beneath his vest,
And tugged and tickled at his breast,
Nor gave the poor Lieutenant rest
Till master of his heart!

So, as a cure to fit the case,
He's gone and ta'en a wife!
And may her beauty, youth and grace
His past afflictions soon efface,
As hand in hand, with even pace
They jog through Time's predestined race,
And a long and happy life!

J. W. T.

Fort Donelson, Tenn.

LINES

On the Death Of Mrs. C. R., at Ft. Donelson, Tenn.

So young, so fair—and doomed, alas, to die !
So good, so true,—so loving, and so loved !
Even strangers at thy hapless fate are moved
And listen to the tale with moistened eye !

But deeper gloom falls on those friends of thine
To whom thy virtues and thy worth were known,
To whom, in friendship's crucible were shown
Thy proven gold—the richest in the mine !

A mind well stored and strong,—that shrank from sight
Nor oped its treasured wealth to public view,
But on its chosen friends, a favored few
Beamed, a perennial fount of chastened light !

A soul as pure as pearl within its shell,—
A heart as warm and true as ever beat ;
A spirit calm and brave—a voice as sweet
As note of lute, or sound of distant bell !

But why recall the charms that made thee dear !
Such thoughts add weight to this too heavy cross !
But feed our heart's great sorrow at thy loss,
And make us comfortless who miss thee here !

And how shall he whose home thy love hath blessed,
Whose cup of bliss thy presence made run o'er,

When he shall miss thy welcome at the door
Returned from duty in his cot to rest,—

How shall his heart, so manly and so strong,
Grow sick with pain, and dark and desolate,
And in its throes rise up against its fate
Till blest Religion soothe its struggles long!

God give him strength! God comfort him we pray,
And pour thy balm into this bleeding heart,
And when these transient clouds of sorrow part
Receive him to the light of perfect day!

J. W. T.

Clarksville, Tenn., Aug. 13, 1864.

SABBATH IN CAMP.

How brightly shines this Southern sun, as Morning creeps
along!

How quiet is the stilly air, unvexed by shout or song!

A Sabbath silence reigns supreme, and Peace, with gentle hand
Rules o'er our garrison to-day, though War still racks the
land!

Thy sparkling course, old Cumberland! far eastward we may
trace

Where sunbeams dance upon thy waves, or shadows dim thy
face;

Mid darkling hills, through light and shade, in Spring's first

wealth of green,
A silver belt in emerald laid, thy fair expanse is seen !

And can it be such peaceful scene but mocks our *real* life ?
That underneath this peaceful show lurk discord, war and
strife ?

That Man alone, of all Thy works, O, God, must ever prove
The one foul blot on Nature's plan—the foe to peace and
love !

What demon's might hath wrought this spell, to change our
good to ill ?

Make desolate a million homes,—our choicest blood to spill ?
Called forth the freemen of the North, to tread a land of
slaves,

To wet with blood these Southern plains, fill nameless South-
ern graves ?

Just God ! shall *Slavery* prevail, the blackest fiend of all !
Must millions perish for the Right, and fruitless be their fall !
Shall not the blood of martyrs shed in Freedom's cause, be
blest ?

Shall not the blows of Justice crush the monster's haughty
crest ?

If ever cause of erring Man was holy, just and clear,
If ever human prayers to Thee were fervent and sincere,
If ever Nation sought Thy help, and humbly kissed the rod
While praying for returning grace, we seek it now, O God !

To save a Nation freed from sin,—a home for humankind,
To break the shackles from the slave, the fetters from the
mind,—

If noble purpose, bravely urged, may look for aid to Thee,
O God of Justice and of Love, give us the victory !

J. W. T.

Fort Donelson, May 22, 1864.

WOMAN IN WAR.

—

The halcyon days of Peace are past,—
The din of War is on the blast,—
A million men, from South and North
To carnage and to death march forth.
And Mercy now must plead in vain,
And Pity weep o'er fields of slain,
For in stern Battle's deadly shock
Man's nerves are steel, his heart is rock !
His sword must crash through flesh and bone
Nor stint for shriek and dying groan,—
And true must be his aim and eye,
Though Death on every bullet fly !
What though beneath his trampling steed
A wounded foeman writhe and bleed ?
Think you that steed he will restrain
Where wheeling squadrons charge amain ?
The bursting shell he needs must throw
Where most 'twill lacerate the foe,
With sword and ball his work must ply
Till hostile towns in ruins lie,
Nor must Destruction's carnage cease
Till foemen yield and sue for Peace !
No, not till War's dread reign is o'er,—
Till blessed Peace return once more,
Can Man his murderous arms lay by,
And o'er the ruins heave a sigh !

But 'tis, thank God ! thy kindlier part,
O WOMAN, of the softer heart !
While yet the din of strife we hear,
To bind the wound, to drop the tear !
'Tis thine to cheer our darkest day
'Tis thine to labor and to pray,
With sympathy to soothe the heart
And rob Distress of half its smart.

Within the loathsome Hospital,
(More dreaded far than sword or ball,)
Where lurks disease in every guise,—
Where sickness dims the strong man's eyes,—
Where pain and anguish and despair
With groans and ravings fill the air,
Where plagues and pestilence abound
May Woman, brave as kind, be found !
And when the battle, or the fray
Has piled the field with lifeless clay,
There pitying women quickly fly
Where sick and wounded soldiers lie,—
With wine and oil,—with lint and bands,—
With wondrous skill, and gentle hands
They bind our wounds, they ease our pain,
And bring back life and hope again.
And Woman, generous and good
Sends clothing warm, and dainty food,
And love-gifts, wrought with cunning art,
To cheer and warm the sick man's heart !
And should the husband and the sire
Upon the bloody field expire,
She soothes the needy widow's grief
With kindly pity and relief,
And opens wide her heart and home,
And bids the houseless orphan come !

Yes—Woman, since the world began,

Has proved a noble mate to man,—
Has faithfully performed her part
With dauntless soul and loving heart,
And made a record, bright and pure,
Which through all ages shall endure
While kindness, fortitude and worth
Are loved and honored on the Earth!

J. W. T.

Fort Donelson, Jan'y 9, 1864.

From the Fort Donelson Review.

THE BIG SCARE!

(A false Alarm, which created much excitement in camp at the time, and much fun afterward.)

Tis night,—and o'er our sleeping camp
The moon hangs like a new tin lamp;
The pickets on their posts asleep,
Snore forth, like trumpets, loud and deep,—
Till horse-hoofs, clattering o'er the grounds,
Announce the coming of "Grand Rounds",—
When, springing up from couches hard,
The corporals cry—"Turn out the guard!"
So ruthlessly do men of power
Disturb our rest at midnight hour,—
Break on our slumber's drowsy charms,

To make us rise and "Shoulder Arms!"

The sentinels have said their say,—
"Grand Rounds" have gone their devious way;—
The pickets stretch them on the plain,
And court the drowsy god again.
What means that gun—that signal dread?
Alas! our peaceful dreams have fled!
The watchful sentry on "Post Four"
Sees danger lurking at the door!
Bang! goes his rifle, loud and clear!
Its echo rings on Night's dull ear
And starts a wakeful cannonier
Who, in the Fort's well-guarded ground
Walks nightly on his ceaseless round!

The cannonier his match applied,
And waked more echoes far and wide;
Far up the Cumberland they rattle
Where Forrest's scouts are stealing cattle,—
Set "dorgs" to barking far and near,
Make "secesh" widows start in fear,
And shake the nerves of Mrs. Horn,
(Though guards watch o'er her night and morn!)
Down through the valley rolled its thunder
And filled Dame Thompson's soul with wonder,
Boomed o'er old Kelley's "loyal" ground,
Where rebel arms were lately found!
Started the echoes at Ed. Winn's
And set him thinking of his sins!
Made Parrish, at the Forge, turn o'er,
And hope old Forrest's come once more!
Makes "Betty" weep, and wish in vain
Her cavalry friends were back again!
Its echoes o'er the river ring,
And start the slumbers of Miss King,
Where horsemen have been seen escorting

Of late, gay "Commissary Norton"!
And as from ashes starts the phoenix,
So from her bed springs Widow Penicks,
And as the sound she takes a scare at,
Calls loudly for Lieutenant Garrett!

"Twere long to tell, and dull to hear
What notes it rung in every ear,—
But to the soldier's ear it said:
"Get up—turn out—roll out of bed!"
The long-roll beats—the camp's awake,
Each captain hastes his place to take,
And frantic shout and rattling drum
Urge sleepy men in line to come!
The soldier's toilet's quickly done,
He dons his clothes, he grabs his gun,
And scarce the echoes die away,
Ere marshalled forth in grim array,
Beneath the breastwork's sheltering mound
Three hundred Sucker lads are found,
As fearless now as on the day
We drove old Forrest's thieves away!
Here leave we now our boys in arms—
Our muse must picture the alarms
That thrilled the bosoms of the fair
When burst the din on midnight air!
"Oh, woman in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
But when affliction wrings the brow
A ministering angel thou!"
Oh woman, in the sun's blest light
Who is so brave to scold—or fight,—
When darkness doth the foe conceal,
A mouse can make the boldest squeal!
Tis said—perhaps the villain lied
Some weaker sisters shrieked and cried,

And held their lords with might and main,
Lest in the fight they might be slain!
'Tis also told, at dead of night
Pale ghosts walk forth, arrayed in white
And breathless to the river fly
Where friendly barges chance to lie,
And there for help they loud implore
To waft them to the other shore!

But words are weak to paint the fright
Which shook the souls, this fateful night,
Of those whose ancestors of yore
Basked in the sun on Afric's shore!
'Twas sad—and yet 'twas fun, to see
These aged darkies scud and flee,
With eyes protruding and distended
Swift to the Fort their way they wended,
Leading their “picaninnies” here,
And “toting” in their worldly gear!
Reader! didst ever see a ghost?
Didst ever see a woman crossed!
Didst ever view a grinning ape,
Or any weird, unearthly shape?
Hast had the d—l in full view,
Or Barnum's latest bugaboo?
All these are mild and “canny” figures
Beside a pack of frightened niggers!

Reader! wouldst learn what danger dread
Routed the soldier from his bed,
Scared our brave dames the other night
And filled our darkey friends with fright,—
Stirred up the country miles about
And raised this rookery and rout—
Made every squad, from A to G,
Jerk on their duds so furiously
And rush to meet a fancied foe

I'll say, your poet doesn't know !
If there's one sinner in this town
Can tell, he heads your friend,

JOHN BROWN.

Fort Donelson, Tenn,

From the Louisville Union.

WAITING FOR THE MAIL.

Running to the depot—watching at turn-tables,
Crowding round the office, in rain and snow and hail,
Scrambling after papers, though they're full of fables,—
Oh, but this jolly, waiting for the Mail !

Gangs of bold guerillas cut our railroads daily,
Burning down our bridges, tearing up the track ;
Squads of rebel soldiers, prancing round so gaily,
Swarming on our rivers, drive our transports back.

Hood in front of Nashville—swears he'll take the city—
Wouldn't old "Pap Thomas" like to see him try it ?
Lyons in Kentucky, thinks it such a pity,
He can't get into Clarksville when he's passing by it !

Don't like Col. Smith—thinks him rough on traitors—
Hates the Eighty-third, because it ne'er surrenders ;—
Wishes Bruce and Mason—abolition-haters,
Of our Southern cities were the sole defenders !

Sherman down in Georgia, marching on Savannah,
Not a word of tidings, whether good or ill,—
Grant encircling Richmond in his patient manner,
Has he seized the Danville Railroad? If he's not he will!

Where's Phil. Sheridan? Has Early left the Valley?
What is Burbridge doing? Does Breckenridge menace him?
Can old Price again his broken forces rally?
Where's "Old Rosey" sent? Why did they displace him?

What is Congress doing? Making "bumcombe" speeches?
Strong on the "spread eagle"—weak in legislation!
Robbed by speculators, bled by heartless leeches,
Virtue in the masses alone can save the Nation!

What's the news from Europe? Growls the British lion?
Hope he fattens on it! Glad he's lost his teeth!
Is neighbor Maximilian diplomacy still trying,
Hiding Austrian claws French velvet beneath?

How goes everything? *Is* the world still jogging?
Telegraphs and railroads, boats and coaches fail!
Even the "grapevine's" down! Every thing is clogging!
Oh, but this jolly, waiting for the Mail!

J. W. T.

Clarksville, Tenn., Dec. 18, 1864.

SECOND BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON.

February 3d, 1863.

Twas noon—on Dover's ruined town
The Winter sun shone coldly down,
The chilly wind blew bleakly past
Where, shivering in the biting blast,
Six hundred Northern soldiers lay
In camp one February day.

Something, to-day, 'tis plain to see,
Disturbs our camp's tranquillity.
Our scouts, it seems, have brought to town
Reports, to certainty now grown,
That rebel foes, ten thousand strong,
Were camped, the neighboring woods among,
Who vowed before the sun had set
Our little post and stores to get,
And wreak on doomed Fort Donelson
Revenge for wrongs by Yankees done,
When Grant, with his victorious bands,
Wrested the post from Rebel hands!
That Forrest, with his raiders free,
And Wharton and his cavalry,
And Wheeler, famed for martial skill,
With countless hosts to work their will
Came swiftly down the river's side,
Their ranks with cannon well supplied,—
While to oppose this vast array,

Six hundred men this Winter's day
In calm self-confidence and pride
The rebel onset now abide!

Not long we wait—for, riding fast
Ere yet our noonday meal is past
Our scouts bring word the foe is near,—
Their force comes on in full career,
From East and South, in columns twain,
The rebels pour their hosts amain!
Yet ere their fierce assault they make,
Short time for rest they needs must take,
And word they send, in mercy's show,
That, would we all defence forego,
Would we our fort and stores but yield
'Twould save much carnage in the field!
In pity to our helpless band,
They'd rein the steed and sheathe the brand;—
Yea, in the kindness of their souls,
They'd spare our lives and grant paroles!

Brave Harding heard their message through
And sent defiance to their crew:
"We were sent here," our Colonel cried,
"To hold, not yield, the river side!
'Twere but a coward's part, I trow,
To strike his flag without a blow!
My troops are raw; they've never met
In arms your Southern soldiers yet,—
They're keen to fight—they'll take no less,
And, faith! I'll humor them, I guess!"
"Then be the blood upon your head!"
"I'll bear it!" the old hero said!

The truce is o'er; their cannons roar;
The whizzing shot around us pour;
Fierce scream the shells, then burst amain
And scatter death around the plain!

Along the circling ridge we see
Their columns form right gallantly,
Each squadron, as it wheels in place
Selects in haste a fitting space
Where, soon, in circle, two by two
Light brass field-pieces grin in view,
And scarce a man can name his name
Ere from their mouths belch smoke and flame;
And bursting shell and whizzing ball
Among our shattered cabins fall,
And many a wretch in anguish cries
And many a mangled soldier dies.
But not a cheek or lip grows pale
Beneath that rattling leaden hail,
And not a soul his faith hath lost
And not a man forsakes his post,
Till, wearying of their cannons' play
They wheel their lines in close array
With one fierce charge to win the day!

Ah, fair it was that sight to see,
Those gallant riders, bold and free,
As up the slope they charge amain
And face the shower of leaden rain,
Which meets them ere its crest they gain
But nearer still they press, nor heed
Where falling man and staggering steed
With spouting blood from many a wound
Make slippery the rising ground,
As, pushing up the steep incline
They seek to break our slender line,
Which, from the breastworks' sheltering mound
Pours death and havoc all around!

But few that hill's rude crest shall gain,
And fewer still return again!
A leaden hail has piled the ground

Those belching rifle-pits around!
A hail their valor cannot face
Although to run were sore disgrace,
Yet "he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;"
And doubtless, these who turn and run
Though they outcount us ten to one
Look forward to that "other day",
When "Harding's boys" won't block their way!
Yet, facing still the deadly shower
Did bold McNairy try his power,
By shout of cheer, by waving sword,
By eloquence of look and word
To rouse and cheer his frightened men
To storm those deadly heights again.
Before their broken ranks he rides,
Their straggling line he cheers or chides,
Till from his horse we see him fall,
And rout and panic seize them all!

It boots not now the tale to tell,—
The world—my readers—know it well!
How through the day the battle sped,—
The desperate charge by Forrest led,—
How Wheeler, bold but cautious too,
Round to the West his squadrons drew,
And charging our unguarded flanks
Divided quick our slender ranks,—
But beaten oft, and cut in twain,
Our little band would form again!
How, baffled oft, at every turn,
By foemen they affect to scorn,
They sought from noon till fall of night
To crush our little band outright,
Rushed all their charging thousands forth
From East and West, from South and North.

Till beaten at each point they tried,
 They gathered on the western side,
 Formed their thinned ranks by waning day,
 And in the darkness slunk away!

Does History, with her flattering Pen
 That joys to praise the deeds of men,
 Record, in all her pages bright,
 A firmer stand, a pluckier fight!
 What regiment hath better done
 Than win 'gainst odds of twelve to one?
 So, comrades, when you chance to meet
 And swap war chestnuts in the street,
 Just think to drop a friendly word
 For HARDING, and the EIGHTY-THIRD!

COMPANY K.

Ft. Donelson, Tenn., Feb'y, 1863.

From the Inter Ocean.

MULTUM EX PARVO.

A serf, who delved 'mong rocks and clay
 Unearthed a precious stone
 From heaps of rubbish, where it lay
 Unnoticed and unknown,
 That laboring man, of station mean
 Gave to the world a gem
 That shines, unmatched in size and sheen
 In royal diadem!

A traveler in distant lands
Wandered beside a brook;
At something glittering mid its sands
He paused, and stooped to look.
That wanderer, poor, of humble birth,
Thrilled with a glad surprise;—
Wealth, destined to enrich the earth,
Met his astonished eyes!

A stranger, on a foreign shore,
Mid natives wild and rude,
Passing a friendly open door
Received some roots for food;
Those homely tubers, tested, soon
Their wondrous worth unfold,
The food for millions, and a boon
Worth more than mines of gold!

A thinker, friendless and unknown
Sat brooding in his cell;
The world scarce knew that dreamer lone,
Nor dreamed what he could tell;
In after years his thoughts took form,—
They girt the world with wire;
They wrote his fame, through calm and storm,
In characters of fire!

A writer, in his garret bare,
Penned a few lines, one day;
His broad, pale brow was seamed with care;
His food was scant, they say;
A nation read those lines,—it rose
And flung its tyrants down;
Those slender, aged hands struck blows
That dashed to earth a crown!

A humble Monk, unknown to fame,
Struck out a truth, one night;
The people, wondering saw, and came
To bask them in its light!
The power of mighty Rome essayed
To quench it at its birth,—
Its bright effulgence grew, and stayed
To light a grateful earth!

A genius, toiling in the night
Mid chemicals and wires,
Saw the dark room at once grow bright,
Lit by electric fires,—
The lightning soon obeyed his will;
He caught its flashes bright,
And helped, the mandate to fulfill
Which said: "Let there be light!"

A soldier, modest, silent, brave,
At duty's call arose,
And gave his humble aid to save
A land from traitor foes.
That silent soldier led the van
Through years of doubtful strife,
Captain o'er millions, and the man
Who saved a Nation's life!

Earth's toiling millions may not see
The end from the beginning,
Heaven gives but Opportunity,—
The prize is left for winning!
Faith is the power that moves the world,
And Industry the lever,
And Progress, with his flag unfurled,
Goes marching on forever!

J. W. T.

Victoria, Illinois.

From the Inter-Ocean.

GRANT'S LUCK.

(By a Southern Democrat.)

Down in Galeny, Illinoy, a little one-hoss town,
There lived a Tanner, 'fore the wah—the durndest luckest
houn'!

Why, when the muss 'twixt North and South first settled
down to blows,

His name and bull-dog phiz warn't known ten miles from
home I s'pose.

Now, we'uns had some ginerals what fit in Mexico,
And then the Yanks they bragged on some that made a gor-
geous show,

Then, "Little Mac" was all the rage; and it war fun to see
How he could sling his army round, and keep from hurt-
ing we!

And bold Fitz-John, his ace of trumps! *he* wouldn't strike a
lick,

Onless 'twould help Miclellan's fame,—(*we* thought *he* was a
brick!)

And Buell too! it did beat all what marching he could do,
And not ketch up with Bragg till he got where he wanted to!
He didn't want to hurt the South—" 'twant what he came here
foh!"

He used to say; and Bragg, you know, was Buell's brother-
'nlaw!

So, things went on as beautiful as Southern folks could want,
Till one day comes a telegram about one "Gin'ral GRANT!"
Nobody seemed to know the chap, and there was mighty few
What ever heerd his name afore they heerd his doings too!

You've heerd how, down at Donelson we built a staving
Fort,
We planted guns to stop the boats, and then laid low for
sport,
When, tearin' through the tangled brush the Western boys
appeared,
You bet, we Southern Dimmycrats was pretty badly skeered!
While we was shaking in our shoes, like panic-stricken Turks,
Comes that Galeua tanner, Grant, "a moving on our works!"
And then there chanced the queerest thing—you've heerd of
it, no doubt,—
When *they'uns* come a movin' in, *we'uns* went prancin' out!
So things went on till Shiloh—*there* we thought we had 'em
foul,
We waded in at break of day, and fit 'em cheek to jowl,—
And when we thought we'd got 'em licked, and drove into
the river,
That pesky Grant, upon his hoss, we happened to diskiver,
A rallyiu' 'em to charge us back! the sneakin', ornery cuss,
He didn't know when he was licked, but turned and wallop-
ed us!
Then when stout Vicksburg caved at last, where we had made
a plant,
Durned ef I ever see sich luck! 'Twas took by that same
GRANT!

And so the long "onpleasantness" drug on from year to year,
And we'uns kinder gathered heart, and hoped success was
near,

We thought the North about played out, our fightin' nearly
done,
And planned to hang Abe Linkin when we captured Wash-
ington!
But one days news came o'er the wires—the Yanks had chang-
ed their plan
And figgered out, 'twas in the East they'd want their hefti-
est man;
So Linkin whistled Grant off east, to tackle Gin'ral Lee,—
"Whoop! now look out for fun!" we cried: "He'll bark up
the wrong tree!"
Grant was a game old bull-dog—*that* we couldn't well deny,
But when he'll bounce our *lion*, then you'll hear him sing
"ki-yi!"
Lord! how we waited for the news! and when we'd all pre-
pare
To whoop up shouts of victory, we'd change our tune and
swear,
For, dog my cats! if that old Grant—that bullet-headed
tanner
Didn't coop Lee in Richmond in the most provokin' manner!
And somehow, fetched it round at last—I'm blest if I know
how,
To lick out Lee and bust our cause—'twas all *pure luck* I
swow!
Well, after that, they patched a peace—old Linkin' got his
dues,
And that shoved Andy Johnson up into his empty shoes,—
And things went swimmingly for us—the South was then in
clover,
Our goose hung mighty high agin,—our troubles all seemed
over.
We nominated Seymour, then began again to rant
About States' Rights—and then, I'll swar! they 'lected Gin-
'ral Grant!

Then we lay quiet eight long years, a-hoping things
would turn
When Hays was 'lected Pres., and then we didn't keer a
durn!
He didn't tumble to our style, but sorter left us free,
To run things our own fashion—that is, kick up deviltry!
And now that shot-gun rule has come, and we 'uns raising
Cain',
They're goin' to run that hated Grant for President again!
And jest as sure as June comes round, by help of boys in
blue,
They'll nominate that lucky cuss, and they'll elect him too!
J. W. T.
Victoria, Ill., Feb'y 5, 1880.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

I rise from bed; I cannot sleep;
I sit me in my darkened room,
And watch the fitful fire-tongues leap
And weave weird shadows in the gloom!
My faithful mate lies dreaming near;
Her wearied limbs have earned their rest;
While I, an idle cumberer here,
Vex with vain thoughts my wakeful breast.

In vain Life's teeming fields I scan,
Call Reason vainly to my aid,
But Nature's mystery of Man
Is darker than my room's deep shade;
For here, stray jets of flickering light
Show curtained couch and pictured wall;
And from the dark domain of night
Day's lost realities recall.

But not one flash illumines the way
Where Man's dim trail is lost in gloom;
For darkness shrouds his natal day,
And hides his path beyond the tomb;
And all Earth's wisest sage can tell,—
(And simplest swain can scarce know less,)
Is, here for three-score years we dwell,—
Our Past and Future who can guess?

Whence came he? Wherefore? What his goal?
What his true part on Life's brief stage?
Where speeds that unknown thing, the soul,
When ends its earthly pilgrimage?
Where dwelt that soul, before it hied
To vivify its clod of clay?
Where will its subtile essence bide
Till summoned at the Judgment Day?

In rock-hewn caverns by the seas,
Man's time-proof skeleton is found,
Where through the thousand centuries
It bleaches on the bone-strewn ground;
Beside it lies his axe of stone,
And, closely mingled, side by side,
Huge cloven skull and fractured bone
Tell how his slaughtered victims died!

Here dwelt the parent of our race,
Rude sire of all the tribes of men;
Here, braved the lion in the chase,
And slew the cave-bear in his den;
But whence, or when, or how he came,—
How fared amid the monster throng,—
How fiercely slew his mighty game,
Lives not in chronicle or song.

Yet man, himself a savave grim, Savage
Walked naked through a storm-vexed world;
Where browsing mammoths scowled at him,
And monster apes their missiles hurled,
Where serpents swung from branch and limb,
Where saurians lashed their tails of might,
And foul hyenas glared at him
And snarled around his cave at night!

Did his bold heart its courage keep,
His cheek its ruddy, dauntless hue,
When, waking from his dangerous sleep
The serpent's tightening folds he knew?
Did his tense nerves their grasp relax,—
Did terror daunt that steady eye,
When, proof 'gainst spear and battle-axe,
The fierce rhinoceros charged by?

Could sympathy or pity move
Or tender passion soothe his breast,
When water, earth and air above
Swarmed with fierce foes to peace and rest?
When, Ishmael-like, his bloody hand
Found in each savage beast a foe,
When giant monsters stalked the land
Or lashed the waves they swam below?

How long, ere conscience ruled desire,
How long, ere mercy tempered strife,
How long ere pity softened ire,
And stayed the avenger's glittering knife—
Whether Religion's flickering flame
Won o'er his savage heart its sway;
Whether some holy prophet came
To point him to a better way,—

Whether he perished from the earth,—
Passed with its monster-tribes away,
Till God, to his mysterious birth
Called Adam from the pregnant clay,
No well-saved parchment shows; no stones
Carved with rude art; no granite tongue
Sends message in sepulchral tones
From the dead Past when Earth was young.

Nor from the ages yet to be,—
From the far land beyond the sky,
Can the dread power of prophesy
Win one dim glimpse to mortal eye!
We can but know that God is wise,
That Faith, not knowledge, serves us best,
That Duty in the Present lies,
And to His wisdom leave the rest.

GRANGER.

Victoria, Ill., Dec. 20, 1886.

MY UNCLE JIM.

Back in the wilds of Michigan
There lived a simple-hearted man ;
His intellect had narrow span,—

 " What odds to him
How vast Creation's work began,"
Thought Uncle Jim !

" How myriad planets had their birth ?
If they from nebulae spun forth ?
What the disputed age of earth ?"
 Th' horizon's rim
Fenced all that held intrinsic worth
For Uncle Jim !

For here his farms—the best around,
With well-filled granaries were crowned ;
His flocks and herds on clovered ground
 Roved sleek and trim ;
The bank, too, a fat credit found
To Uncle Jim.

No chemists' lore he cared to know ;
He knew where heaviest wheat would grow,
And honest pride would overflow
 His eyes' small brim,
When learned men for " points " would go
To Uncle Jim.

His rule of life was plain indeed ;
To help his neighbor in his need,
His conscience and God's laws to heed
 Sufficed for him ;
No narrow, Calvinistic creed
 Had Uncle Jim !

His blood in peaceful currents ran ;
No wish to be a Congressman,
Or head a noisy party's van
 With lungs and limb,
Filled with disgust life's shortened span
 For Uncle Jim !

No wife nor children blessed his lot,—
Some disappointment, ne'er forgot,
Wrung his young heart, but left him not
 A cynic grim ;
In doing good a cure he sought,
 Brave Uncle Jim !

His yearning arms he opens wide,
Hastes to his widowed sister's side,—
Orphans, by want and sickness tried,—
 Their sad eyes dim
With weeping, find their tear drops dried
 By Uncle Jim.

Now he has gone to well earned rest !
By weeping kin, by neighbors blessed,
His white hairs on earth's lap were pressed ;
 Death's Angel grim
Wakened no terrors in thy breast,
 Dear Uncle Jim !

Far deeper minds I've known, a score,
Steeped in wise books and classic lore,

But search the country o'er and o'er,
In quest of him,
No kinder man God's image bore
Than Uncle Jim!

And if kind Heaven should grant my prayer,
Its blest delights with saints to share,
With angel hosts who worship there,
And cherubim,
I'll take big odds on finding there
My Uncle Jim!

GRANGER.

Victoria, Ill., Feb. 19, 1887.

ON MY NIECE'S WEDDING,

Jan'y 16, 1889.

King Winter rules a conquered land
Which shivers 'neath his frown,
An icicle his glittering wand,
Of ice his sparkling crown;
And servile Nature at his feet
Her softest carpets spreads.
And hangs white wreaths his eyes to greet
From boughs above our heads.

What does fair Hattie care, to-day,
For Winter's frost and cold,

Or grieve for flowers, or breath of May,
Or aught that Spring doth hold?
For, drawn by magic of her eyes
Her fairy Prince has come
To claim his prize 'neath wintry skies,
And bear his princess home!

Oh magic powers of youth and love,
That mock at ice and snow,—
That light the cloud-dimmed skies above,
The drift-piled fields below!
That, like Aladdin's lamp, can bring
'Neath Love's all-conquering spell,
Fresh Summer fruits, and flowers of Spring
Where Winter's captives dwell!

Youth smiles when tempests vex the plains,
When hindering snow-drifts rise,
For warm blood courses through its veins,
And Hope lights up its skies.
The fierce wind roars, but snug in-doors
The gay guests laugh and shout:
The fire that up the chimney roars
Drives baffled Winter out!

Thus, Hattie, may a husband's care
Dispel the storms of life,
May genial warmth and kindness rare
Surround his loving wife!
Thus may an atmosphere of love
Perennial flow'rets bring,
And may your happy wifehood prove
A reign of endless Spring,—

While all the joys Wedlock can bring
Around your pathway linger,
Responsive to the magic ring

Worn on your slender finger.
While potent genie prompt attend
Obedient to its spell,
And flowers of joy their fragrance lend,
Where'er you chance to dwell.

T.

THE TWO ANGELS.

When Chaas, from his empire hurled,
Fled howling from this new-formed world,
And Order seized his throne,
Two mighty angels, twins in birth,
Flew swift to tread the unpeopled earth
And claim it for their own.

The first, a spirit bright and fair,
Of radiant face and golden hair,
And eyes of heavenly blue,
Stepped buoyant on the rocky mass,
And 'neath his feet sprang herbs and grass,
And flowers of brightest hue.

He breathed the vapor-laden air;
Lo, new-born forms, of colors rare,
Float through its quickened space !
He touched the dust—its myriad grains
Respond, and o'er earth's peopled plains
Walk Adam's beauteous race!

The desert's wildest wastes he trod:
There, fruitful tree and grassy sod
 And browsing herds appear;
He climbed the mountain's rocky side:
There the tall pines in stately pride
 Wave verdant through the year.

From east to west, from pole to pole,
While Ocean's mighty waves shall roll
 Or Heaven's bright sun shall flame,
This angel of the radiant brow
Shall tread Earth's hills and vales as now:
 LIFE is this angel's name.

But, following in his footsteps fast,
To blight, to sicken and to blast,
 His fellow-angel came;
Dark was his brow as starless night,—
From his dull eyes a baleful light
 Shot forth in lurid flame!

Beneath his feet the flower-decked plain
Grows brown and sere; earth's ripening grain
 Wilts on each withered stem;
The lamb beside its dam expires;
Weak babes, strong sons and feeble sires,—
 DEATH has no care for them!

That stalwart pine, which rears on high
His giant trunk to greet the sky
 And the fierce storm defies,
Touched by this angel's venom'd dart
Feels the swift poison scorch his heart,—
 Yields his green crown, and dies!

Earth's swarming millions, one and all,
Start at that potent spirit's call;—

Gray Age, and Youth's first bloom
Lay pomp and vanities aside,
Bow in the dust their humbled pride
And hide them in the tomb!

Is the first angel's work, then, vain?
No;—Cast thine eyes along the plain
Where Death's dark path is seen;
Lo! Life once more with quickening tread
Walks through that valley of the dead,
And all the world is green!

The fallen pine tree's dusty mold
Doth in its pregnant ruins hold
Live germs of statelier trees!
Those lambs that died have yielded place
To others of a hardier race;—
New flowers perfume the breeze.

The aged man, the child, the youth
Have left us mourning here, in truth;
But Life doth triumph still;
Death only slew their baser part:
Small triumph to his boasted dart!
Man's *soul* he cannot kill!

GRANGER.

Victoria, Ill., January, 1888.

THE BANQUET.

(Read by Mr. J. W. Temple at the Reporters' Banquet.)

The word goes forth: from south and north
The item-gatherers flock !
From west and east, they scent the feast
That waits at one o'clock !
We hungry wielders of the quill,
From garrets cold and bare,
With sharpened wits and right good will
Your bounty haste to share.

From fair Oneida's prairie home,
Ontario's special pride;
From bright Altona too, they come,
Reporters true and tried !
From Abingdon, for learning famed,
From Utah (don't suppose
"Our Dick," because the town's so named,
For "plural wifehood" goes !)

Yates City an "Observer" sends,
A staunch reformer he,
Who many a temperance moral blends
With "items" good to see.
Victoria—railroad-slighted town—
Her weekly budget brings,
And classic Brush Creek, too, sends down
Her store of local things.

And Soperville—blest land of coal—
Safe 'mong our winter blizzards,
No "coal trust" ring can vex her soul,
And freeze their hearts and gizzards!
Log City, too, finds lots to do
This chilly zero weather;
Of jingling bells "S. O. A." tells,
And jolly rides together!

Who that has gone to brisk Maquon,
So natty, live and frisky,
Failed ever yet good fare to get,
Unless he called for whisky!
And Knoxville, too—'twixt me and you,
Few cities can excel it!
And as for news, just bet your shoes,
They've lots there if they'd tell it!

Wataga answering to the call,
Comes dashing down the "Q",
And little Rio speeds the ball,
As "H" is prompt to do;
The dinner horn through Copley sounds,
Her "Granger" hears it "toot",
And prompt o'er "Barefoot's" frozen grounds,
Comes trudging in afoot!

Galesburg—"grand, central reservoir"
Of news from town and city,
Sends bright "Fred J." to glean her store
Of items wise and witty,
Alas, that such Damascus blade,
(Or pen) so keen and true
Should tax its power each day and hour
To fight the whisky crew!

Last, but not least, to grace our feast
Like Grand Mogul, or Czar,
Friend Beatty's face, with courtly grace
Beams on us like a star;
Or like the moon some night in June,
Calm, full-orbed and serene,
Caught winking at "that same old 'coon,"
On some old rail pile seen!

I greet ye, Warriors of the Press,
Knights of the conquering Pen!
Grim veterans in the war of Thought,
Who storm the hearts of men!
Not yours to wield war's flashing swords,
The bayonet's glittering steel,
But thought, hurled forth in crushing words,
Makes haughtiest despots reel!

Proud members of the "Fourth Estate",
Whose empire knows no bounds,
Whom kings and caitiffs fear and hate,
Whose praise each freeman sounds,
Voice of the people's changeful mood,
Potent for good or ill,
But chainless as the swelling flood
That heeds no master's will!

God grant, the Press may aye be found
In freedom's cause arrayed;
Grant that its clarion voice shall sound
Where virtue needs it aid!
Grant that its fearless blows shall fall
On the tough head of Sin,
And drive from home and festive hall
The powers of Rum and Gin!

GRANGER.

Galesburg, Ill., Feb'y 15, 1883.

Toledo Blade.

GROVER'S POPULARITY,

"Cleveland is very popular abroad," writes a foreign correspondent and admirer.—Daily Newspaper.

"Hurrah for bold Grover!" the Johnny Bulls shout;
"He'll give us his markets and turn the Yanks out!
We'll sell 'em our iron, our cloth and all that,
And *his* workmen will starve while *our* paupers grow fat!"

"Huzza for bold Grovaire!" the Jean Crapeaus yell.
"Huzza for free trade, ven ve've somesing to sell!
Ve sall sell zem ze brandy, ze champagne, ze grog,
But, by gar! ve no buy ze Americain hog!"

"Yah! Cleveland ist goot!" grunts old Bismarck with glee,
"Und ve'll tax Yankee meat, and he dakes our wool free!
Vot I cares for de West mit deir wheat und deir pork,
Ven our beer-drinkers gif us der sdate of New York?"

The Canucks, our next neighbors, his triumph much wish,
Since he gives them their way in the squabble for fish;
From a jug handle treaty to British free trade,
They have only to ask and the bargain is made!

Yes, they drink Cleveland's health in France, England and Spain,
And they shout "a new Cobden is risen again!"
They praise him in Berlin, Vienna and Rome,
But, just mark what I tell you—we'll beat him at home!

Ah 'tis nice to be praised by the English and Dutch,
But the praise of our foes don't bamboozle us much!
We take in their taffy while winking one eye,
And remember the tale of the Spider and Fly!

J. W. T.

Victoria, Ill.

WHAT GROVER SAYS.

"The soldier is a naughty man;
He'll rob the treasury if he can;
They'll help each other's little plan,"
Thus writes the Pres.;
"Such would-be paupers I despise;
They've hoodwinked Congress with their lies;
Lucky the President's more wise!"
So Grover says.

"Why should the people bear the strain
Of tax, these veterans to maintain?
We've paid them o'er and o'er again,"
Writes our kind Pres.;
"Why should *I* care how they exist?
I never asked them to enlist!
I was a non-coercionist,"
So Grover says.

"Their bloody deeds I much deplore ;
"Twas shocking taste to go to war !
I never hankered after gore,"

Boasts our meek Pres.;

"They had a soft thing, to my view ;
Three years they strutted round in blue,
And fattened on free rations too,"

So Grover says.

"Some luckless chaps, 'tis true, were shot,
And spilled some blood where armies fought ;
But they were paid for't, were they not ?"

Remarks the Pres.;

"Now, they're grown fleshy and 'obese' ;
(*I* own *I'm* quite a tub of grease,—
Quite proper for a man of peace,")

Fat Grover says !

"I'd not make voting soldiers mad ;
Their sufferings really make me sad !
But then, their *habits* are so bad,"

Sighs our good Pres.;

("I drink a little beer myself,—
I keep some whisky on my shelf ;
'Tis furnished free— I save my pelf;")

Shrewd Grover says !

"Twelve dollars a month they're asking for !
(*I* get four thousand—somewhat more,
With house and furnishings, good store."

Muses our Pres.;

"They hold fat offices of late,
In all departments in the State ;
(Less Federals than Confederate,")

Sly Grover says.

"So, I'm constrained against my will,
To veto this atrocious bill !

(I hope my prospects it won't kill,")

Thinks our sharp Pres.;

"But something must be done, that's clear,

To hold the "Solid South" next year;

The Mugwumps will protect my rear,"

Wise Grover says !

Yes ! brand him pauper, perjurer, thief,
Who saved the land that owns thee Chief !

Withhold thy paltry, grudged relief,

Cold-hearted Pres.!

But learn, when all too late, that Fame

Will blush to sound thy sordid name ;

And honest men will read with shame,

What Grover says !

GRANGER.

Victoria, Ill., Feb'y., 1887.

THE LOST ATLANTIS.

[*Read at the Republican-Register's annual meeting, at Galesburg, Feb. 20th.*]

Five thousand years their course have sped

Since waters dark and deep

Rolled o'er these islands of the dead

And wrapped their endless sleep ;

And finny tribes in peace disport
Where men fierce wars maintained,
And monsters of the deep consort
Where human monsters reigned.

Time was, when Ocean's waves dashed high
'Gainst many a rock-ribbed isle
Stretched far toward the western sky,
To catch the sun's last smile ;
But mid those groups of islands rare
With tropic verdure dressed,
ATLANTIS, fairest of the fair
Reigned queen o'er all the rest.

Here Nature, in a generous mood
Her richest bounty spread ;
Here, Earth, untilled, with choicest food
Her favored children fed ;
Their tempered air no winter knew,
No summer heat oppressed ;
Their lands were rich, their wants were few,
Their toils with plenty blessed.

Yet, while to this thrice-favored land
God's choicest gifts were given,
Man's wicked heart and cruel hand
Marred all the gifts of heaven ;
For here, a thousand years before,
Driven by the wrath of God,
The murderer Cain his sorrows bore
To this, his Land of Nod !

His wife, sad sharer of a name
Henceforth by man abhorred,
Braved death and danger, toil and shame
To cheer her banished lord.
Since man was thrust from Eden's bowers,

Through earth's rough paths to rove,
No cloud that o'er his pathway lowers
Can dim the light of Love!

Half-crazed with terror and remorse,
Earth's wilds they hurried o'er,
Till, following still a westward course,
They reached old Ocean's shore.
And where, on Afric's burning sand,
His waves dash, cool and bright.
They reached the limits of the land
And rested from their flight.

But fear of man's avenging hand
Vexed the crazed soul of Cain:
A boat they built, and from the strand
Rowed o'er the trackless main.
From isle to isle, from land to land
Their fragile vessel pressed,
Till on Atlantis' sea-girt strand
Their venturous prow found rest.

Here were their wretched wanderings stayed,
Where human foot ne'er trod;
Here, 'neath the trees their bower they made,
But gave no thanks to God.
And children came, to claim their care,
And cheer their lonely days,
Who never heard a father's prayer,
A mother's song of praise!

No altars blazed with grateful fire,
No offerings meet were given,
For pride and ire still swayed the sire,
And shut his heart from Heaven!
And strong, and passionate, and wild,

Their godless children grew;
Each lawless, disobedient child,
Was soon their tyrant too!

And, as they grew to man's estate,
No peace these valleys knew,
For anger, rivalry and hate
Among the brothers grew.
And crimes, the curse of Adam's race,
Pierced the bowed soul of Cain,
When his first-born, before his face
Was by his brother slain!

Time passed;—their children's children grew,
And filled the islands near;
No peace the warring kinsmen knew,
No law but sword and spear;
Their lands, attuned to peaceful life,
Where saints in joy might dwell,
Through lawless hate and vengeful strife
Were made an earthly hell!

For Crime stalked boldly forth by day,
And Might made Right alone;
And weakness was the robber's prey,
And Virtue was unknown.
No voice from Sinai's awful height
Thundered the laws of Heaven,—
No Savior, to these islands bright
His boon of love had given!

A thousand wretched years had sped
Since here the Murderer came;
And still on Cain's devoted head
Heaped sorrow, sin and shame;
And ruthless War with fire and brand
His bloody work still plied,

Till 'neath his red, relentless hand
Full half his race had died!

Glad to escape this vale of tears,
His wife's sad soul had flown,
And for five hundred weary years
He'd borne his woes alone.
His sons were slain; their seed despised
And mocked his hoary head,
And all his withered heart e'er prized
Were numbered with the dead.

"God of my Youth!" the murderer cries,—
"God of my guiltless years
When prayer could pierce yon vaulted skies
And bend the listening spheres!
Thou God my pride has shunned to own,—
My Maker and my King,—
I bow at last before Thy throne,
One first, last prayer to bring!

"Grant that this blood-besprinkled plain,
These valleys stained with gore;
These dells, oft heaped with kindred slain,
This sin-polluted shore,—
This sod, that hides a thousand graves
Where slaughtered kinsmen sleep,
May, whelmed by all-engulfing waves
Sink 'neath the surging deep!

"Grant that of all who own me sire,
Or trace from Cain their line,
The last dimmed vital spark expire
Quenched in the bubbling brine;
And, as the hilltops disappear
Deep 'neath the billowy plain,

With earth's first murderer perish here
The crime-cursed sons of Cain!"

His prayer is heard ; Heaven's awful word
Answers Earth's first-born child ;
The huge hills to their base are stirred,
The seas surge fierce and wild ;
Earth heaves ; vast rocks, their bases broke,
Rush from the mountains high ;
And lurid flame and sable smoke
Roll toward the darkened sky !

As round some ship whose ruptured side
Swells in the conquering wave,
Then staggering, plunges 'neath the tide
Which parts to shape her grave,
So rush the seas to claim their prey ;
So the mad waves divide,
And fair Atlantis sleeps to-day
Beneath old Ocean's tide !

J. W. T.

Victoria, Ill., Feb. 1889.

"Hon. Clark E. Carr, of Galesburg, has just been appointed by the President, as U. S. Minister to Denmark,"—Chicago Tribune.

ON TO COPENHAGEN !

To Denmark's Capital,
Swift as brave ship can sail,
When steam and wind prevail
 Over rough waters,
Soon to King Christian's court
Shall our bold CARR resort,
With their tall sons to sport,
 And their fair daughters !

Wrapt in his robes of fur,
Uncle Sam's Minister—
Lord ! won't he make a stir
 'Mong Denmark's beauties ?
Hero and Scald shall hie
Galesburg's great son to spy !
While statesmen linger by,
 Learning their duties !

Shade of Canute, the Great,
Smasher of England's state,
On this high pageant wait,
 With Hilda, thy lady !
Svend, of the Forked Beard,

Have all your banners reared,
Olof, the loved and feared,
And Harold Hardrada!

Ye Sea Kings, come again,
With ships that ruled the main,
A grim and grisly train,
So dark and gory,—
Leave your cutlasses behind,
We are nervously inclined,
Their flashing calls to mind
An ugly story!

Mid all the mighty host
Denmark's proud land can boast
Let Hamlet's father's ghost
Start from his slumbers;
Halfred, the Scald, awake!
Thy harp's long silence break!
Since for King Olaf's sake
Twanged its wild numbers!

Greet ye with feast and rout
Cannon, and festive shout,
Him whom our town sends out
Guest to the Dane!
Odin, return once more;
Gaze on lost hill and shore:
Put by your thunders, Thor,
And come again!

Let fair-haired Freya gaze
In goddess-like amaze
On fetes of modern days!
Not so of yore,—
Then pirates, swart and grim,
Brawny and long of limb,

Sailed at the beck of him
Who sought your shore!

When, swift from Jotunland,
Claiming her promised hand,
Leading his stalwart band

Marched the bold giant:
Then, with fierce clash and clang,
Denmark, thy echoes rang!
Perished the Jotun gang,
Crushed, but defiant!

History fails to say,
If, to sharp grief a prey
Poor Freya's heart gave way,

Losing her lover!
Could she but love again!
Goddess, that hope is vain—
Clark E.'s a married man!
Lay that hope over!

What shall you give the Dane?
How bless King Christian's reign!
Statecraft they'll hold as vain,

Wisdom a joker!
To the occasion rise!
Take noble Shenck's advice—
Wean them from senseless dice—
Teach them draw poker!

GRANGER.

May 21, 1889.

SONG OF THE SALOON.

- “Oh, I am the drunkard’s strong retreat,
The home of roystering blades ;
The thief and the burglar here may meet
To plan their nightly raids.
I furnish the power in an evil hour
The assassin’s nerves to steel,
When his maddened brain gloats o’er the slain,
Or his steps from the slaughter reel !
- “The trade I ply, to the widow’s eye
Bids the gushing tear-drops start,
But what care I for the orphan’s sigh
Or the wail of a breaking heart !
Though manhood’s pride o’er the gutter’s side
My poisons daily fling,
Who shall say me nay, while my gold I pay,
And my dole to their coffers bring ?
- “Oh, ’tis jolly sport, while the solemn Court
O’er their crime-filled dockets toil,
In my licensed den to be prompting men
The judges’ work to spoil !
When the sweet church bell to the town doth tell
Of the waiting house of prayer,
I think with a grin how I’ll backward win
These souls to my Devil’s lair !

What joy I take my gold to shake
In the tax-payer's stupid face!
With the money he saves his way he paves,
To the sinner's waiting place!
And I think with a leer that, even here
When these fools o'er their taxes quake,
Each dollar paid by my licensed trade
They lose by the costs I make!

Each cringing slave who his tax would save,
Doth welcome my doubtful aid;
But his sons come here and spend for beer
What the father makes by trade!
And the wealth they store, (when their life is o'er,
And their heirs have got their "tin,")
Will all be spent, to the last red cent,
At my bar for rum and gin!"

The gay Saloon here hummed a tune
To the air of "Old King Cole;"
And it shook its side in gleeful pride,
Till it started its kegs to roll!
And it winked its eye at a passer by,
An Alderman of renown,
And it "set 'em up," in a brimming cup
For the Mayor of the town!

GRANGER.

Victoria, Ill., Feb'y, 1888.

OLD SETTLERS' MEETING.

"The audience then listened to an original poem by J. W. Temple, which was well received and heartily applauded. It was as follows:"—KNOX CO. REPUBLICAN.

We meet to-day, we gray-haired folks,
To spin our yarns together.
Beneath these sheltering elms and oaks
This pleasant August weather;
To tell how, many years ago,
'Ere we were one-and-twenty,
We left our Eastern homes to go
Where land was cheap and plenty.

Mayhap we sometimes stretch the truth!
The fault in age grows common,
When telling of the feats of youth,
Done by brave man and woman;
That Jones, who *thinks* his memory's clear,
Will confidently say
He "hoofed it" from Peoria here
And back, one Summer day!

Then, Brown minds well, one Winter morn
Nigh fifty years ago,
He took to mill a grist of corn,
Through four foot depth of snow:
'Twas forty miles he had to go,—

My, but he thought he'd freeze ;
The mercury sank that night as low
As sixty-nine degrees !

Then, Robinson puts in a lick
To carry out the tune :
"The ice that year froze nine feet thick
And didn't thaw till June !
He planted corn the Fourth,—his dame
Went out to help him drop ;
The frost held off till Christmas came, —
He raised a staving crop !"

"The wolves, that year, grew awful bold,"
One chap remembers then ;
"They'd steal the sheep from out his fold,
The fat pigs from the pen.
They gathered round one moonlight night,—
He took his old smooth-bore :
He shot and killed sixteen outright
And wounded twenty more !"

"That minds me of b'ar I shot,"
Says greybeard number three ;
"I tracked him till the cuss I caught
High up an old bee-tree ;
I'd a flint-lock that never missed ;
I fetched him to the ground ;
He measured ten feet round the chist,
And weighed twelve hundred pound !"

"The woods were full of honey then, —
One of the biggest trees
Stood on the land of Uncle Ben,
And fairly swarmed with bees ;—
Took Ben and me three days to cut !
You bet, we worked with vim ;

We got four barrels from the butt,
And one from every limb!"

"Spoon river was alive with fish,"
Another hastes to say;
"We allers 'lowed to have a dish
For breakfast every day.
I mind one flood we had; the grass
Just squirmed for acres round;
I've walked a mile on yaller bass,
And never touched the ground!"

"The seasons change of late, I find,"
Another answers pat,
"One year we'd frosts each month, I mind,
And sharp ones too, at that!
Our children all were sick with coughs;
In August 'twas, I think,
We chopped ice in the water troughs
To let the horses drink!"

"It changed so sudden, too," says one,
"I mind, one day in June,
Our little chaps, in quest of fun
Went swimming in the Spoon.
The wind switched round; I came from town,
Found what they were about,
We had to take our axes down
To chop our young ones out!"

"The rattlesnakes were plenty then,"
A wrinkled sage began;
"We went once to a big snake den—
Me and another man.
The snakes lay torpid in a pit;
Each took a hickory thong;

We killed six hundred 'fore we quit,
And some were eight feet long!"

Strange how our memories gain strength
When turned to days of yore!
Each youthful jump doubles in length
When quoted at four score!
What big days' work we used to do!
How we could chop and mow!
What stalwart chaps were I and you
Some fifty years ago!

The Greeks old Nestor's yarns all praised,
Even while they grinned to hear!
Thought the old boaster somewhat crazed,
But lent respectful ear!
So we, whose working days are o'er,
Whose muscles shrink with age,
With bragging yarns our children bore
While lingering on the stage!

But, truth to tell, men labored then,
Their daily bread to gain
No binder, doing work of men,
Bound tight our ripened grain!
No mower through the tangled hay
Resistless sheared its track;
No horse-fork filled the barn's deep bay,
Or piled the swelling stack!

Top buggies in that day were few,
Folks rode in wagons then;
Which, often, well-broke oxen drew
To town and back again.
'Twas the smart youngster's joy and pride,
Even in his boyhood's years,

To show how he could yoke and guide
"Them 'tarnal brindle steers!"

And many a gallant, trim and tight,
And lass he wished to wed,
To spelling-school, on winter night
Drove in a gay ox-sled!
My fancy sees their moonlight ride,
And hears their courting still,
As o'er the crusted snow they glide,
O'er plain and slippery hill:

"Come, Mary, name the wedding day!"
("Haw, Bright, you ornery cuss!")
"Don't make a fellow wait till May!"
("That ox gits wuss and wuss!")
"Come, Molly, dear! Christmas is near!
Have pity, love, on *me*!"
("Confound that awkward brindle steer!
"Gee, Buck, gol-darn ye, gee!")

"Now, Mary, give me *one* for luck!
Just one!" ("Haw, Bright, ye fool!")
"You haven't kissed me since I tuck
Ye home last spellin'-school!"
"Um!—talk of strawberries and cream!
That's sweeter than all sich!"
("Gol-blast that tarnel tricky team!
They've dumped us in the ditch!")

Our wives were proud of housewife lore,
They learned to card and spin;
The cloth they wove their husbands wore,
And "went to meetin' in!"
And ah! what cheese and butter then
Our rough hewn boards would crown!

Or marketed by thrifty men
Brought groceries from town.

Such noble wives helped lay the base
Of fortunes now grown great ;
Such mothers' sons have climbed to place
And influence in the State !
Their virtue, industry and worth
Were to their children given ;
They taught them how to thrive on earth
And win their place in Heaven !

We took what mother Earth would yield ;
We raised big crops of wheat,
Nor from Dakota's distant field
Imported bread to eat !
Our clothes were plain—we worked like men ;
Each earned his daily food,
Nor were such words invented then
As " Millionaire," and " Dude !"

Well, times are changed : The engine's shriek
Resounds on every side ;
Across the plain—along the creek,
Through the rent hills they glide !
And wealth with pride and fashion blends,
To change our simple ways ;
But are we happier now, my friends,
Than in those earlier days ?

The lightning steed asserts his power
Untried in days of yore ;
And Maine holds converse hour by hour
With California's shore !
But o'er the wires no tidings run
Can so our hearts inflame,

As, when, their four weeks journey done,
Our Eastern letters came !

How memory loves each treasured scene !

Those cabins, neat, though poor !

The virgin prairie's sea of green

That stretched from door to door !

The honest faith 'twixt man and man,

So hard of late to find !

The friendships that in youth began

When all were poor but kind !

'Tis vain to mourn our vanished youth

Or sigh for *auld lang syne*,

While age, with kindliness and truth

Sparkles, like bottled wine !

Still to the past the aged hold,

Fond, tender and serene.

And pray, each hour, as we grow old,

"Lord, keep our memories green !"

J. W. T.

Knoxville, Ill., Aug. 16, 1888.

It was moved and carried that Mr. Temple's poem be published and made part of the records of the Association.

IN MEMORIAM.

*Read before the G. W. Trafton Post, G. A. R., at Knoxville, Ill.,
on Decoration Day, 1888, by J. W. Temple, 83d Ill. Vols.*

Why meet we here to-day?
Why bring we flowers to scatter o'er our Dead?
Why hang we garlands o'er each honored head
Culled from the wealth of May?

Is it that these have died,
Who once did live, and toil, and hope as we?
Does Death give patent of nobility,
To claim our love and pride?

Grant, that the pious tear
O'er the cold clay of those we loved should fall,
To die is but the common lot of all,—
Why mourn o'er strangers here?

Were they of lofty fame?
Not so: from lowly homes their lives have sprung;—
Their toils, their sufferings, their brave deeds unsung,
Unmarked each humble name!

Who wastes an idle tear
O'er the low workman's fate, who humbly wrought?
The building stands, the builder is forgot,
Who toiled its walls to rear!

Cheops and Suphis live;
Cæsar's and Alexander's names are sung,
But humble service hath nor pen nor tongue
Its well-earned meed to give!

What have our soldiers done?
Three thousand died at Shiloh, more or less;
Ten thousand perished in the Wilderness;—
Some thousands at Bull Run;

Many at Vicksburg fell
When Grant beat down that stronghold; thousands more
At Nashville died; on Franklin's field of gore
Death mowed their columns well!

Some threw their lives away,—
Saw undismayed the rebel bayonets shine
What time fierce Pickett charged the Union line
At Gettysburg, one day!

Some climbed the steep hillside
Where in Fort Donelson the rebels lay,—
Met the fierce hail of death that swept their way.
And, pressing upward, died.

Some at Stone River bled;
Some lost their lives on Chattanooga's plain,—
Some, climbing, Lookout's dizzy heights to gain,
Whence Bragg's scared veterans fled!

Some on their gunboats' decks
Braved with bold Farragut the batteries' fire,—
Some faced the Merrimac's resistless ire
And went down with their wrecks.

Some fell in nameless fray,—
Mid rush of steeds, and din of clashing steel,
Thrown, bleeding, 'neath the courser's spurning heel
Gasped their spent lives away!

Some fell by foes unseen;
Bushwhacked at midnight on their lonely beat;
Ambushed,—surprised;—too stubborn to retreat,
Too spirited to yield!

Some, in foul prisons thrown,
Starved through long months of agony and pain,
While their stern jailors, gloating o'er the slain
Mocked at each dying groan!

By sickness thousands fell,—
Death's angel hovered o'er the stricken camp;
The fiery sun, the fever-breeding swamp
Slew more than shot and shell.

Some, 'scaping sword and gun,
Fought to the end unscathed, reserved by fate,
Till Appomattox closed our Janus-gate,
And blessed Peace was won!

Some, with sore wounds oppressed,
On staffs and crutches walked their weary round,
Till Death, the kindest friend the poor hath found
Brought them their welcome rest!

What did these heroes do?
They only saved a Nation's life,—no more!
Led their loved country safe through seas of gore,—
Saved it for me and you!

Was't worth the lives they lost?
Ask the dead heroes who our freedom won!
Ask the grim warriors led by Washington
What our loved Union cost?

Ask the old world to-day
Which despots rule! It turns its eager eyes
Where Hope's bright star shines in the Western skies
O'er free America!

Ask centuries to come;
Ask the dense millions who this sward shall tread
When we and ours are numbered with the dead,
And our weak voices dumb!

What was these martyrs' gain?
Scant glory to the common soldier fell!
"A victory won"! the flaring headlines tell,—
"Ten thousand soldiers slain!"

What did their service cost?
Life, health, home, hope,—all that for which we live,
All that men prize, and bounteous Heaven can give
These heroes staked, and lost!

So, 'neath this vernal sky,
We sad survivors of the struggle meet,
And, grateful, strew the sod beneath our feet
Where these brave martyrs lie!

Their names we scarce recall,
But, though *our* feeble memories grow dim,
Our God forgets not! Leave we them to Him,
To bless them, one and all!
Knoxville, Ill., May 30, 1888.

Queen Victoria to Grover C., After His Defeat.

DEAR GROVE: H'im sad and h'angry too,
To 'ear 'ow you've been dusted;
Ve 'ad such 'eavenly times in view
Hand now our 'opes is busted!
Hi dreamed ve'd nabbed your blarsted trade,—
Ve'd figured up the plunder,
Then Sacky Vest the dickens played,
And knocked our schemes to thunder!

Dear G.,—hit was a beastly sin
And all the world is chaffing,
To see our Henglish lord took in,
And hevery body laughing!
Hi 'ate such 'orrid party tricks,
With 'atred strong and 'earty;
Hi scorn your country's politics,
But love *your* free-trade party!

Hi 'ate a land where plowmen *think*
While turning up their furrows;
Where voters can't be bought for drink,
And sold in "rotten boroughs!"
What right has Pat, fresh from the bogs,
To argy with his betters?
Hi'd 'ave a law that Hodge and Scroggs,
Should never learn their letters!

Hi vish you'd come hacross the sea,—
 Hi vow, such thoughts entrance us!
 Ve'd make your grace Lord Grover C.,—
 Your wife My Lady Frances.
 And hif—for such things chance, you know,
 There comes a baby-Grover,
 He'll rank as Prince of Buffalo,
 Vith snobs the vide world over!
 Your friend and hadmirer
 VICTORIA, H'empress of Hindia,
 To Grover Cleveland, }
 Hex-President of Hamerica. }

OLD TOM BROWN.

An Idyl Of Whisky Flat.

The saloons were all a-booming, and the gamblers all were
 flush,
 And the miners and the bummers filled the halls;
 There were faro-sharps from Frisco, with their tables green
 with plush,
 There were thousand-dollar pictures on the walls;
 There was music, there was dancing, there was shooting in the
 streets,
 And the toughs they had terrorized the town,
 And they had their swing complete till one day they chanced
 to meet
 And try to run a buck-saw on Old Tom Brown!

Old Tom was mild and civil, and his voice was low and sweet,
And his manners all were peaceable and fair,
And he measured six feet two, when he stood in stocking
feet,
And in girth he matched an able-bodied bear!
But he had a pleasant smile, and a breast devoid of guile,
And was never seen to swagger or to frown,
And I reckon that's the reason why, in an unlucky season,
They thought they'd bait their gudgeon-hook for Old Tom
Brown!

Tom was standing by the Rink, when a bully gave a wink,
And he signalled to the toughs to gather near,
And they slapped him on the back, and they asked him up
to drink,
But he said "he didn't hanker arter beer!"
Then they smashed his new plug hat, and they mashed it
very flat,
Till you couldn't sort the rim out from the crown,
And they tried to yank his coat, but 'twas buttoned at the
throat,
But he took it all good-naturedly, did Old Tom Brown.

Then a bruiser from the Bay, with his "mauleys" 'gan to
play,
While old Tom sorter warded off the blows,—
And he took it all as play, and he tried to edge away,
Till the boxer fellow "caromed on his nose!"
And two buffers, growing bold, tried his brawny arms to
hold,
And another grabbed his legs to trip him down;
And the bruiser on the sly gave him one "to dot his eye,"
And they thought they "had the deadwood" on Old Tom
Brown!

I got there when the fun had only just begun,—

And I wouldn't missed that circus for a dollar!,

Tom tumbled to their racket, and he took 'em one by one,

And, 'oh Lordy, how he made 'em yelp and holler!

He led out his dexter paw, and he smashed that bruiser's
jaw,

And he knocked a baker's dozen of 'em down,

And he kicked across the street the moke that grabbed his
feet,

Till like Iser, they "rolled rapidly" from Old Tom Brown!

But they rallied soon, and swore they were thirsting for his
gore,

And they gathered round with derringers in hand,

And they confidently said they would plug his hide with
lead,

And would pile his ugly carcass on the sand!

But old Tom reached round behind where a "navy" he
could find,

And each barrel brought a luckless bully down,

And the toughs made haste to scatter when they found what
was the matter,

And they never care to monkey now with Old Tom Brown!

GRANGER.

Victoria, Ill.

LABOR.

Ere Mother Earth had sprung to birth,
Or the Sun his course began,—
Ten million years ere the shining spheres
Shot down their rays on Man,
I wrought with God in fields untrod
And each whirling mass controlled
When like floating clouds the nebulous clouds
Into new-made systems rolled!

When o'er Earth's dark ball, like a funeral pall
Thick vaporous curtains lay
Mine was the wand in the Maker's hand
That waved the clouds away!
I guided each ray the god of day
Shot down through the trackless gloom,
Till the Earth rose fair from her darkling lair
Like a spirit from the tomb!

Her blushing face 'twas mine to grace
With flowers, like a radiant queen,
And for raiment warm o'er her comely form
I spread soft robes of green;
I bordered these with shimmering seas;
Fair lakes, o'er the smiling land
Shone like diamonds bright in the noonday light
And each stream like a silver band!

When the Six Days sped, and, a bride new-wed,
Earth blushed 'neath the Sun's warm kiss,
By the Maker's plan I was sent to Man,
Where he dwelt in Eden's bliss.
I taught his hand to dress the land,
I brought him strength and skill ;
I shaped his boat o'er the wave to float,
And his plow the soil to till.

The staunch ship glides o'er the heaving tides,
But fears nor wind nor wave,
For I wrought each part from the oak's tough heart
And tall pines for its masts I gave !
Its holds I fill with my works of skill,
With my food for lands that lack,
And her charts I store with my gathered lore,
To guide her watery track.

The gold that fills the merchant's tills
And piles the banker's board,
I dragged it forth from its native earth,
Where her countless wealth lies stored.
The gems that glow o'er a monarch's brow,
The gauds that deck his throne,
They were snatched as spoil from the hands of toil,
They are Labor's prize alone !

The prairies wide where glad millions bide,
Were but desert wastes of yore,
For of little worth were the plains of earth
Till my plow-shares turned them o'er !
And of what avail are the metals pale
Till digged from their caverns low,
Till they melt in the ire of my furnace-fire,
And are shaped in my forge's glow ?

Shall my children want, while idlers vaunt
The wealth they have shunned to earn?
Shall thieves despoil the sons of toil,
Who the world's vast mill-wheels turn?
Shall the grists they grind their dark ways find
To the rich, who their turning shirk?
Shall they feast and rest, while my sons, oppressed,
Fall fainting at their work?

The great may laugh, as their wine they quaff,
At the groans of the starving poor;
And the millionaire may his schemes prepare
To make his hoards secure;
But the despot's chain I will snap in twain,
His sword shall in plow-shares glow,
And the wealth and state my sons create
To their toil-worn hands shall go!

For the day comes fast, when a trumpet-blast
I will sound through a startled land;
I will rear my throne; I will claim my own
With a strong yet bloodless hand!
Then, my flag, unfurled o'er a ransomed world
All reverent eyes shall draw,
Where Might and Right in peace unite,
And Justice sanctions Law!

GRANGER.

Victoria, Ill., Nov., 1880.

To Editor Z. Beatty, of the Republican-Register.

So, you've reached Three-score-and-ten,
BEATTY of the trenchant pen !
Plodding on your daily round,
In your sanctum's narrow bound;
Growing grizzled in your den,
Toiling for your fellow-men;
Tugging at the cranks that still
Turn the world's opinion-mill !
Sifting news from morn till night,
Squibs to clip and thoughts to write,—
Cheering good deeds on the track,
Holding surging evils back;—
Prompt, as life's swift moves occur
With the timely check or spur,—
Prompt to brand each specious sham
Threatening harm to Uncle Sam,
And each sordid, selfish plan
Framed to pinch the workingman,
Where the trusts and rings combine
To corner fruits of field and mine,
And sharp railroad kings conspire
To raise their onerous freight-rates higher,
And shrewd rings their thoughts bestow
To keep the farmers' produce low !
Like a war-horse, staunch and true,
Helping pull your party through,

While its howling foes, dismayed,
Shout "Free Whisky and Free Trade!"
And seek to block its high career
With British gold, and kegs of beer!

(When the heavy work is done,—
When the victory is won,
Other nags rich pastures get,—
The war-horse tugs in harness yet!)

Tell us how the world appears,
BEATTY of the lengthened years!
What its valuation, when
Priced at three score years and ten?
Does Life look a troubled dream?
Do its prizes tinsel seem?
Is't a maze without a plan?
Have you lost your faith in man?
Lost belief in sterling worth
Looking on the shams of earth?
Have the youthful hopes you fed
Died,—and is your faith, too, dead,
That your country's course shall be
Towards a glorious destiny?

For experience warns you too,
There are breakers full in view,
Labor troubles, party strife,
Plots and leagues, with danger rife,
Hostile sections, held apart
By the demagogue's base art,—
Rival pilots, fired by hate,
Grasping at the helm of state,
Who, if their ambition fail
Would sink the ship they may not sail!

Brother BEATTY! rise and tell,—
(You who sling a quill so well,)—
How the parties held their ways

In old *ante-bellum* days!
Tell us of the lively jig
Danced by Democrat and Whig,
When Jimmy Polk,—alas the day!
Beat our gallant Harry Clay!

Farther back your mind can reach,—
Once again the story teach
How Uncle Sam, a deacon rare,
On Hard Cider “took a tear”!
How whooping wild for months he ran,
And tanned the hide of Matty Van!

Farther still we’d joy to hear,—
Of brave old Jackson’s bright career,
How the “bold Britishers” he’d *lamm*,
And “put a head” on Packingham!
Tell how the country throve and sped,
“Old Hickory” for its figure-head!
Nich. Biddle’s schemes, and Swartwout’s pranks,
And vetoes of the “rotten banks!”
But spare, oh spare the tale unkind
Why Jackson’s cabinet resigned,—
But only tell, with blushing face,
“There was a lady in the case!”

But more than all, we’d have you tell
The thrilling tale how SUMTER fell!
How, in the wounded Nation’s aid,
Her stalwart sons, in arms arrayed,
Stood like a rock-ledge in the main,
Where dashed wild Treason’s waves in vain!
How o’erwhelmed and drenched with gore,
Deafened by the battle’s roar,
Still they stood in sullen pride,
Still they barred the surging tide,
Till the waves, exhausted, fell,—
Till the reflux tide of hell,

Rolling backward on the foe
Whelmed his gates and laid him low!

Tell how many a deathless name,
To the Nation's rescue came,—
Grant, the generous and the bold;
Sherman, next in glory's fold;
Sheridan, thunderbolt of war,
Striking terror near and far!
Hancock, ever prompt to do,—
Logan, swarthy, fierce and true,
Farragut, who on land or wave,
Was ever bravest of the brave!
Who can give their names to song,
When the list is thousands long?

Tell how, threatened sore with wreck
Like a Jonah from the deck
Slavery to the waves was cast
Howling curses to the blast!
How, delivered of her weight
Safely sails our Ship of State!
Tell what wealth and power and pride
On her sheltered decks now ride,
While her pennons wide unfurled
Win the plaudits of the world!

Precious lore your age bespeaks,
Nestor of the scribbling Greeks!
And your memory can unpack
Wares our younger writers lack.
History, from whose source there springs
The "true inwardness" of thiugs,
And that wisdom, good as gold,
That doth enrich and bless the old!

Ha! he speaks—the hoary sage,
Rising from a half-writ page,—
Glancing up with humor dry,

Winking with his "larboard eye",—
 Beaming like a new tin pan
 Spake the venerable man:

"If you're keen to hear my racket,—
 "If your zeal hath stamps to back it,

The REPUBLICAN-REGISTER may be had for two dollars per year, paid strictly in advance—sent by mail or paid in at the office.

"N. B. Taffy's cheap, but money talks, Z. B."

GRANGER.

Victoria, Ill., Dec. 7, 1889.

To Gordon Brackett, Poet, of California.

FRIEND GORDON,—(a friend I never have met
 And belike never may, but a friend all the same,
 For reading your poems has made me forget
 And ignore the stern fact that I know but your name,)
 Do you know, then, my friend, there are sympathies rare
 Which are called into life by a glance or a word?
 That memory leaps from her moss-o'ergrown lair,
 At some poem we've read, some old tune we've just heard?

So in reading your verses, I seem to float back
 To the days when I, too, a young seeker of gold,
 In your placers swung shovel and pick,—but alack!
 Dame fortune, in spite of my wooing, proved cold!
 She's a coy old coquette, as I found to my cost!

(The *Miss* of that name, though, proved constant and true,—
She'll stick to your side till life's battle is lost,
 And cast o'er your shoulders her mantle of *blue*!)

But still, Hope kept piping her merriest songs,—
 (By the way, she don't sing half so sweet as of yore!)
 How she'd pay all my toils, how she'd right all my wrongs,
 (But we know all her tunes—we've all heard them before!)
 Has she fooled you, too, GORDON? Or were you too wise,
 To believe her gay stories, and yield to her sway?
 Or like a kind step-dame, has Fortune her prize
 In Earth's whirligig lottery thrown in your way?

I think not! ("And why", you are tempted to ask!
 I'll tell you, my friend, for the reason is clear,—
 No Millionaire flirts with the Muses! 'twould task
 E'en Apollo, to tickle old Mammon's dull ear!)
 Ah me! I remember, when, tired and blue,
 On the banks of the Yuba as listless I lay,
 (In my youth's callow days—'twas the year '52.)
 How *I* versified too, in a terrible way!

I would summon the Muse—when I'd spent all my "pile",
 And, wrapt in gay dreams, all my sorrows forget,
 And many a much-abused hour beguile
 In framing bad verse—as you see I do yet!
 Yet little *I* knew then, a dreamy young lout,
 While the metre flowed smooth, and the rhyme was in tune,
 That the fire of *Genius* was lacking,—or doubt
 That the world would go wild o'er my minstrelsy soon!

And the printers! ah me, how they flattered my rhymes!
 'Twas a "rising young poet" they dubbed me, alack,
 And wise DOCTOR FUDGE, of the "*Pokerville Times*",
 Swore I "laid over Moore, as a King o'er a Jack!"

Yet somehow, my judgment still whispered the while
That said Tom Moore, and Byron, and Shakspeare & Co,
Stowed more in their rhymes, both of substance and style,
Than I managed to squeeze into mine, don't you know!

Had you dreams of fame ever, young poet? Pray note,
It is thirty-odd years since those callow days sped,
I'm a sturdy old farmer near sixty, and dote
On my cattle and pigs,—and such fancies are fled!
But still do your rhymes from the Land of the West
Call back to my heart those bright dreams of my youth,
When, beguiled by the muse, and in ignorance blest
I took Hope's penny horn for the trumpet of truth!

Be yours better treatment by Fortune and Fame!
The genius I lacked be it yours to display;
May your bank account grow, and your solid Scotch name,
Be blest by the Muses forever and aye!
And never forget, as you toil up the hill,
To the Temple of Fame where the nations can see,
From your home on the prairies we're watching you still
Glad and proud of all honor that waiteth on thee!

J. W. T.

Victoria, Ill., Jan'y 18, 1882.

From the Inter-Ocean.

ABRAM BEN HEWITT.

Abram Ben Hewitt—may his sense increase!
Awoke from a deep dream of fox and geese,
And saw, in the dim moonshine of his room,
Making it weird and ghastly as a tomb,
A forger, writing lies, with pen of brass.
Exceeding zeal had made Abe S. an ass;
So to the scribbling scoundrel there he said:
“What writest thou?” The writer raised his head,
Answering: “A letter from your friend James G.”
“What, from my good friend Garfield! let me see!
And is it genuine?” queried Abram S.
“Nay,” said the forger, “*that* I’ll scarce profess,
Since I just forged it!” Abram spoke more low:
“It *looks* like Garfield’s fist! I guess ’twill go,
With my endorsement,—for the world must ken,
I’m of the “breed of honorable men”!

The forger winked, and vanished. The next night
He came again, and gave his work to light,
Showing a list of forging rogues confest,
And lo! ABE HEWITT’S name led all the rest!

J. W. T.

Victoria, Ill., Nov. 25, 1880.

From The Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

Lines For Gordon Brackett's New Album.

From J. W. T.

Dweller in the Land of Gold,—
Dweller 'neath the mountains hoary,
Where huge snow-wreaths, white and cold
Wrap their peaks in shining glory,—
Where the plain, bedecked with flowers,
Spreads around the mountain bases,—
Where no Winter's chilling powers
Nip their stems or dim their faces,—
Where the calm Pacific's waves
Gently lap the glittering shingle,—
Till anon the Storm-King raves,
Making sea and sky commingle,—
Dashing spray and sheeted rain,
Howling wind and wave-force blended,
Beat the rugged rocks in vain,
Till their frantic power's expended!

Dweller in that varied land!
Thine the Poet's easier duty;
Thine the mountain prospect grand,
Thine the plain's perennial beauty!
Thine the ever-changing sea,

Thine the wooded wilds primeval,
Where each heavenward-towering tree
Boasts itself old Rome's coeval!
Where, beneath their mighty boughs
Savage races warred and perished;
Dusky lovers breathed their vows,—
Built their homes,—their loved one cherished,
Passed from earth and left no sign,—
Book, or scroll, or rock-carved story,
Painted wall or graven line,
Record of their shame or glory!

Here the Poet's skill hath play,—
Tis the Art Imaginative
Brings the dark Past to the day,
Half historic, half creative!
Rise, then, Poets of the West!
Let the winged horse be bridled!
Rouse the Muses from their rest
Where too long the sprites have idled!
Bid them search for Runic lore,
In the forest, on the mountain,
Wander on old Ocean's shore,
Skim the plain and haunt the fountain!
Richer far than hoarded gold
Were such stores of garnered treasure
Found by mountain, wood and wold,
Gems whose worth no price can measure!

Victoria, Ill., June 4, 1882.

From The National Tribune.

COMPANY K.

Way up in the North, where the giant pines stand,
Tall sentries of Time, set on guard o'er the land
Ere the Genoese sailor, Columbus, was born,
Or Magellan had made his first trip around the Horn,—
In the land of the hills, where the breeze from the sea
And the balm of the pines fill the lungs of the free,
When the echoes from Sumter had scarce died away,
Those hills saw the muster of Company K!

Wouldst know, curious friend, of what stuff it was made?
Odd sort of war-timber, you'll think, I'm afraid!
Its Captain, a deacon, mild-mannered and pure,
Esteemed by his neighbors, beloved by the poor;—
Two stalwart Lieutenants, brought up on their farms,
Untutored in "tactics", and "war's stern alarms;"—
But who "guessed if square fightin' should come in their
way,
They could git along somehow with Company K!"

For "the boys" were their neighbors, their school-mates of
yore,
From the plow and the anvil, the shop and the store;
Broad of breast—stout of limb,—full of spirits and fun,
Skilled with axe, saw and spade—knew the use of a gun;
Thought that "mebby them fellers the South had sent out,

Who bragged of the 'Yanks they could chaw in a fout',
And what crack shots they were, might just happen some
day,
To see pretty fair shootin' by Company K!"

Ah, God only knows of the hearts well-nigh broken,
When the home ties were snapt and the last farewells spoken;
When the shrill fife but half drowned the sobbing that day,
As the drum-beat marked time to the marching away!
And the boys noticed then what they saw not again
Mid the shrieking of shells, or the bullets' fierce rain,
(Though he led every charge, and braved death in each fray)
A pale cheek on the Captain of Company K!

Frank reader, confess, you'd be bored, should I tell
All the haps and mishaps to their fortune that fell!
Tis told though, how once in a world-famous fight,
Where the rebel works crowned every hillock and height,
When the order was given to charge, in the face
Of the death shower poured through the brush-tangled space,
Their Captain made pause just one moment, to pray,—
But the first o'er the breastworks was Company K!

There came, too, a crisis—you've read it, no doubt,
Where the rebels had flanked us, and put us to rout:
When one veteran chief, like a rock in the main
Braved the fierce tide of battle that raged round the plain,
Checked the rout,—saved an army; and placed one name
more

On the bright roll of heroes evolved by the war!
Mid the proud Spartan band who stood firm on that day,
With their dead piled around them stood Company K!

When "duty" was done, and a battle had sped,
How the good deacon-captain would mourn o'er his dead!
How he'd tenderly watch with his wounded, and stay,

In the hospital wards through the hot summer day;
And when, in reward for his courage and skill,
Promotions and honors awaited his will,
He sent "thanks to the Gin'ral, but thought he'd best stay
With his boys, and be Capting of Company K!"

And "the boys!"—bless your soul, they just worshipped **their**
"Pap!"

When the "old man" said "come, boys!" 'twas "Here's with
you, Cap!"

No lagging, no shirking, no "playing it fine,"
When their ears caught his quiet "Boys, fall into line!"
Ah, needless to tell to my comrades in blue
Who served their tried country's long life-struggle through,
How deep was their grief, when a shell tore away
From their ranks the loved Captain of Company K!

How gentle those powder-grimed hands, as they bore
Their Captain, all mangled and covered with gore,
To the rear! how they questioned the surgeon to know,
If hope was yet fled,—if the Captain must go!
How breathless they watched, as in tears they stood by,
To catch his last words: "For my country I die!
God help my poor wife! Boys, I'm sinking away,—
Good bye,—and my blessing on Company K!"

Long years have rolled by since that sorrowful scene,—
The graves of our martyrs lie hid 'neath the green!
The country they died for, *we* lived on to see,
Triumphant o'er Treason,—united, and free!
Let us hope that the brave who to battle went forth
Are enshrined in the warm, grateful hearts of the North,—
And that Memory holds, 'mong her treasures to-day,
Proud legends of many a Company K!

J. W. T.

Victoria, Ill.

From the National Tribune.

ANDERSONVILLE.

Yes, Billy, I was thar! D'ye see that foot?

Queer customer, you say!—well, 'taint no beauty!

The cobbler chap what measured for the boot

Laughed, and then cried! The toes are all off duty,—

Deserted, the hull squad! Come nigh persuadin'

The foot to foller suit! (Lucky, enough on't stayed

To tote around on!)—'twas when the pervadin'

Disease—starvation—tackled the Stockade!

Ye see, old Wirz, what run our big hotel.

Hed some original idees onto diet!

He b'leaved, if fed on quarter rations well

Us Yanks would grow so gentle-like and quiet

We'd not have spunk to cuss the rebel cooks

What burned our mush, or served it sour, or raw,

And them marked "dead" on our sharp landlord's books,

Was "the peaceablest lot of Yanks he ever saw!"

He claimed he kept too many boarders thar'

(Which, that war true!) for what we'd got to eat;

And so, it was our pious landlord's care

To cut our numbers down to match our meat!

Then, when the death-rate grew, and ranks got thin,

For fear high livin'd make his patients worse,

The sharp old rogue would cut it down agin,

And put the savings in his little purse!

He didn't fancy vegetable diet;—

Fresh meat, he said, but bred cantankerous feelin's,
And so, the scurvy tackled us, and by it

Them toes turned black—dried up like 'tater peelin's,
And dropt off, one by one! I didn't mind 'em,

But left 'em kickin' round, in wind and weather,—
But then, I reckon, Gabriel can find 'em

When his last trump musters our bones together!

And then, we warn't a sentimental crew,

Broilin' by day, and shiverin' by night!

With trees by thousands standing round in view,

They couldn't spare us wood to cook our bite,
Nor boards for shelter. We would die too slow,

If fed and housed! And Wirz he'd bragged, that he
"Killed more d—d Yanks off in a year, you know
And cheaper, too, than Beauregard or Lee!"

His guards, too,—why, they jist had lots of fun!

When a poor lad, half-crazed, or wild with pain,
Crossed the "dead line", pop went a rebel gun,

And "thar's one Yank what will not fight again!"
'Twas famous sport! In fact, twas jist the place

Where Southern wimmin liked to send their sons,—
Much safer than "the front," where they must face,
Sharp peeked bayonets and Yankee guns!

"Did Davis know how Wirz was starving us?"

You bet he did! His surgeons begged in vain,
To have him bounced; but Jeff, hard-hearted cuss!

Kept him on purpose! May the brand of Cain—
Pshaw, Bill, I'm gettin' riled! Pooh, let it drop!

What's an old wreck like me to do with spite!
Have a cigar? Say, Billy, won't yer stop

And jine our Post? Come round at six to-night!

J. W. T.

Victoria, Illinois.

AFTER BYRON—(ONLY WAY BEHIND!)

The Distillers came down like the wolf on the fold,
And their pockets were bulging with shekels of gold,—
And the sheen of their silver was gorgeous to see,
As they shelled out their ducats in fair Peoree!

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
So soft and so verdant their voters are seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Winter doth frown,
That host of sad voters were "done very brown"!

For the Angel of Truth spread her wings on the blast
And dispelled all the smoke the distilleries cast,—
And the bright moon shone down on their sour-mash and swill,
As she solemnly winked at the Worm of the Still!

And sad, through Peoria the Whisky Kings stride,
But they whoop no more pæans of triumph and pride,
And the bets they have wagered, the bills they must pay,
Loom up o'er their souls like the dread Judgment-Day!

And there lies brave Nick, all distorted and pale,—
He ran 'gainst a Post, and is dead as a nail!
His smooth tongue is silent, his heart turned to stone,
His party is busted, his allies all flown!

And the Victoria Greenbackers loudly do wail,
And the Democrats swear till their hearers grow pale;
And their "Holy Alliance" of two years ago,
Hath melted away like a late April snow!

GRANGER.

Victoria, Ill., Nov. 1, 1886.

A NODE TEW OUR NU COURT HOUSE.

Hale, mity pile of stone, 'n' brick, 'n' mortar,
 Iron, 'n' wood, and things I disremember
 Their names, but which you'll find them in the bill,
 You bet!

"Grate arkytecktooral achievement" them's the word
 I've heerd 'em call thee—which, I calkerlate's
 Half truth, half taffy—but we'll let that pass!
 We'll say, though, you're a pretty hunky Court House,
 And ef folks doubts it, jist get Mister Perry
 What's got a tony orfis rigged up in you,
 To show 'em round! He'll pint out all yer beauties!
 Yer desks, drawers, pidging-holes,—tubes, where the Clerks
 Sot at their desks, kin holler at the Sheriffs,
 Or chat with pooty witnesses in waiting!

He'll show you the big Court-room, where the lawyers
 Will plead next year. (I b'leeve they *calls* it pleadin',—
 Tho' ign'runt chaps like me might name it 'rangling,
 And splittin' hairs, and argying out the diff'rance
 'Twixt tweedle-dum and -dee; while we tax-payers
 Kept waitin' day by day, git mad as thunder,
 And wish they'd stop their everlastin' jawing
 And let the show perceed!) And he will show you
 Where the Jedge sits, like pashunce on a monument,
 And stands it a durned sight better'n *I* could,
 While they befogs his 'onner and the jury
 With laws, and pressydents, and ancient statoots,

What's bin repealed for years,—and long "instructions",
 So mixed up in their meaning, that the joory
 Jist chucks 'em in the coal-hod, and falls back
 On good hoss-sense in making up their verdix!

But, 'taint no fault of thine, majestic buildin'!
 You're A 1, and a daisy, that I'll swar' to!
 And tho' ye cost a pesky site of munny,
 And tho' you're bigger bi a half than need be,
 There warn't no boodle grabs mixed in thy making,
 Fer which we're thankful!

Mebby some day, say in the year 2,000,
 What with new railroads, and by nat'ral increase,
 (Fer pious grangers, mindful of their bibles,
 "Increase and multiply" to beat all natur'—)
 We'll fill thy surplus rooms, and thank the builders.

So, gorjus pile,
 I doff my cap to thee! But my poor heart
 Is all tore up to think wot *trials* wait thee,
 When in the years to come thy holler walls
 Shall ecko back the shouts that blatant lawyers
 Deafen poor, sufferin' juries with—the lies
 Of parjured witnesses; the empty froth
 And gush of fancied eloquence, slopt over
 By new-fledged barristers; the "cases" brought
 With nothin' in 'em but their lawyers' fees;
 Fule slander suits. where Jones has said that Brown
 Stole his fat Christmas turkey; virtuous Brown
 Brings suit, and fetches half the country down
 To prove he draws the line at chickens! damage suits,
 Fer lasserated hearts of gushing maids,
 Of fifty summers; actions for divorce,
 Where each proves either lewd as English lords,
 And high court ladies; law-suits two weeks long,
 To git a judgment fur a yaller dorg
 Shot fer sheep-killing; suits 'gainst aldermen

Fer boodle contracts, when the city boasts
'Bout half a million people; whisky suits
Where red-nosed bummers can't for life remember
Jist where they got their tods, nor what they guzzled!
Chancery suits, long as the moral law, and bound to last
At least a lifetime sure! Alas, poor walls,
If I was flush of tears, I'd weep for ye!

Court-House, adoo! If grateful to the poet
Who's strained hisself to sing this strain to you,
Grant that no capias, summons, or suppeny
Wrote in thy innards fetch him to thy chambers,
Or thy first cousin, the Jail! We dote upon thee,
Grate pile! We're proud to see thy fair proportions
Loom o'er the plain! Just go on with thy looming,
Till time, or some ill-natured earthquake downs thee!
But our respect for thee grows with our distance,—
(Some twenty miles.) Thou'rt like some Kings we wot of,
Best worshipped from afar! Thou hast a way,
Like them, of yanking us poor innocent grangers
From weepin' widders left to split up fire-wood,
Milk kicking cows, feed pigs, and mourn our absence!
Spare us, grate ortocrat, and take the thanks of
Your grateful

RUSTYCUSS.

Victoria, Ill., Dec. 28, 1886.

GALESBURG.

A beauteous City rears her spires
To catch the morn's first glow,
To glance the sun's reflected fires
In dazzling rays below ;
And bounteous Heaven hath richly blessed
This City of the Plain,
Where Wealth in honored ease doth rest
And Commerce toils for gain,

And Learning here hath ample halls,
And teachers known to fame,
And Justice, in his new-made walls
Doth vindicate his name.
And blest Religion o'er the town
Her sacred wand doth hold,
And calls Heaven's choicest blessings down
To bless each shepherd's fold !

For pious pilgrims from afar
To found this City came,
And left it their example fair,
And one his honored name !
And in their ancient deeds of laud,
Their ordinances old,
No alcoholic drinks, they planned
Should in its bounds be sold !

They sought to shield their growing town
From Rum's accursed sway.
Alas, that sires of such renown
Should be forgot to-day !
That sordid lust of gain should thwart
The prayers these pilgrims prayed,
And make each noble street a mart
To ply the Devil's trade !

Oh, that the grave could yield its dead !
That for one single year
That reverend band these streets might tread,
These sons their warnings hear !
Then, as before the Savior's wrath
The Temple's changers flew,
So from each sin-polluted path
Would flee the whisky crew !

From council halls, from power and place
Rum's votaries would be driven,
A ransomed City lift her face
To meet the smiles of Heaven !
Hell's thresholds, gaping for the young
Would tempt our sons no more,
And praise would rise from every tongue
That Whisky's reign was o'er !

GRANGER.

Victoria, Ill., March, 1887.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR!

Strain thy dull eyes, wise man! then seize thy glass.—
Skim the broad sea, where ne'er a sail is spread;
Scan the dull, leaden sky, where overhead
No star-born rays can pass,—

Or, on the desert take thy lonely stand
Where bird nor beast doth come,—nor sight nor sound
Save the wreathed sand-cloud sweeping o'er the ground,
A dull dead world of sand!

Or, to the mountain's snow-capped summit climb,
Where the strong eagle soars, on wearied wings,—
Where Frost and Cold, foes to all living things,
Reign, since the birth of Time!

Dost know—above that sea, beneath that sky,
On that dead, sandy plain, that mountain's brow,
Where sullen solitude appals thee now,
And Death alone seems nigh,—

There, troops of spirits, at this very hour
In their bright robes, unseen may round thee move,
Doing God's holy will,—warmed by His love,
And guided by His power!

And, when thy clay-clogged ears can catch no sound,
Thine eyes no living thing in earth, sea, air,

Angelic harps may thrill with music rare
Bright listening hosts around?

That, toiling lonely on thy rugged way,
With none, ~~than~~^{all} think'st, to know or feel thy pain,
Spirits unseen, a loving, anxious train
Watch thy weak steps to-day?

When this world's fickle friends have left thy side,
As fame grew dim, or treacherous fortune fled,
When earthly pleasures pall,—when Hope lies dead,
And Faith has nearly died,—

Could'st thou but pierce the walls of the Unknown,—
Lift the dark curtains of that brighter sphere,
See the sad, loving eyes that watch thee here,
All friendless and alone,—

Would thy dead heart not throb with life again,
Thy drooping spirit plume again her wings,
And Hope, cheered by a glimpse of brighter things,
In thy glad bosom reign?

GRANGER.

Victoria, Ill., Dec. 27, 1887.

KING ALCOHOL.

Yes, I am King! no conqueror on earth
Can boast like conquests! Sultan, emperor, czar,
Man's licensed tyrants, despots from their birth,
Do but subdue the body. Rapine, war,

Fell persecution, fail man's *soul* to mar!
Foul slavery's lash,—the dungeon's festering chain,
The blazing fagot—India's murderous car
Leave the Mind scathless. Cruelty and pain
Rage round the castled SOUL, and seek access in vain!

But *I* can bend man's boasted will! I steep
His senses in charmed draughts,—then, safe and free
I pass those drowsy sentinels, and leap
On my sure prey! Conscience, who keeps the key,
Of Honor's casket, sleeps. With drunken glee
Reason his brow in Folly's cap doth hide
Shakes his fool-bells and leaps in revelry!
While, with the burglar Passions at my side,
I steal his treasured Hopes—strew his earned Honors wide!

Felon and king! Not like a sovereign proud
I tread in regal state my kingdom's bound!
I joy to mingle with the ignoble crowd
Where crime and misery in rags are found!
My courtiers most in darkling slums abound;
The base-born are my peers; my sports I take
In the vile haunts where brutal oaths resound,
Where Murder's shrieks on night's blest silence break,
And weary toil's sweet sleep to blood-dyed horrors wake!

My armies! see them muster at my call!
They ask no pay;—no honors, rank or state
E'er to my ruffian soldiers' portion fall,—
No swift promotions on my service wait!
My victories mean *their* ruin! Even the great
I level to the ranks. No victor's bays,—
No captured flags their zeal can animate;—
No martial bard frames stanzas to their praise;—
No grateful states to them memorial columns raise!

Where my recruiting stations? Look around
Near Christian homes,—where schools and churches stand,
The arch-fiend's sergeants at their posts are found,
In gilded halls, with aspects sleek and bland,
Dealing out poisons with each jeweled hand
To pious mothers' sons! Each sparkling bowl
Holds seeds of death, to sprout in fruitful land,—
O'er the rich virgin soil to gain control
And choke with noxious weeds the garden of the soul!

Who are my slaves? Come, let us take our stand
In city wards, where *freemen's* votes are polled!
That bloated wreck who lifts his palsied hand
Armed with a ballot he can scarcely hold!
That whisky king, who sells his soul for gold:
That office hunter, who to win his place
Would flout God's saints, and join the Devil's fold!
Those well-dressed youths who count it no disgrace
To reel, strike hands and drink with Sin's polluted race!

Yet other slaves I claim,—weak, timid souls,
Who shrink from strife—who love a life of ease,
Who shun the vulgar warfare of the polls,
And let brute mobs rough-ride them as they please.
Even fiends themselves despise such slaves as these
But use them still as foils. Such spirits poor
Hold back Reform's drawn sword, till by degrees
On ground-sills deep as Hell, pinned strong and sure
My palace walls are laid,—my throne is set secure!

Wilt serve me, youth? Wilt bow to me, old age?
Hear the rewards I offer to each slave!
Health lost,—hopes blighted,—wasted heritage,
Dishonor, early death, a pauper's grave;
And, reckless fool, hast thou a SOUL to save?
Forego that hope! Who yields himself to me

Let him be armed his Maker's wrath to brave ;
For Heaven hath thundered forth the dread decree,
Which bars the Drunkard's soul from His blest Company !

GRANGER.

Victoria, Ill., April, 1887.

Lines read at the Camp Fire, Knoxville, Ill., Trafton Post.

TO THE G. A. R.

Peace for long years her sceptre bore,
And ruled our happy land,
And Hope's bright arch from shore to shore
Our Western empire spanned:
For Freedom, banished from the East
By spears of King, and creeds of Priest,
Had built, by toil and suffering long,
A wall of states, in union strong,
Forevermore to stand !

This Union arch long time had stood
To pay its builders' cares,
Cemented well with martyrs' blood,
And blest by patriots' prayers !
Beneath its sheltering strength and shade
Their children's happy homes were made,
Which grasping Power might not despoil,—
Where Plenty paid the cares of Toil,
And Manhood's rights were theirs !

But even 'neath Heaven's unclouded sky
Rebellion once arose
God's righteous mandates to defy,
His matchless power oppose ;
So in this land on Earth most blest
Did foul Rebellion rear his crest ;
Her sons, from their allegiance turned,
Their oaths foresworn, their duty spurned,
Rose up her deadliest foes !

For Slavery, child of darkest Night,
Mother of ills untold,
Raised her vile brood to scorn the Right,
And pawn their souls for gold !
To set at naught Christ's gospel plan
Which bids man love his fellow-man ;
For with sharp scourge and clanking chain,
They marred God's images for gain,
And men their brothers sold !

'Twas in these slavery-cursed domains,
Rebellion sprang to birth ;
Where murder, tyranny and chains
Crushed manhood to the earth.
Little they cared, these Ku-Klux Knights
For Manhood's claims or Labor's rights,
As on their midnight raids they sped
To drag the toiler from his bed,
The cotter from his hearth !

Thank God, that in the mighty North
A stalwart race were growing,
Who measured manhood by its worth
Through worthy *actions* showing !
Who honored Labor, Truth, and Right,
Whether 'twere black, or red, or white,

Nor blamed the color of a skin
So that it held a MAN within,—
No meaner standard knowing!

And when the South with impious hand
Lit the red torch of War,
And swung aloft the blazing brand
In menace from afar,
From hill and prairie in the North
Rushed Freedom's sons indignant forth,
Dashed down the threatening brand in ire,
And quenched in blood that baleful fire,
That fierce malignant star!

Would'st know what deeds their courage wrought,
What fields their valor won,—
What victories it so dearly bought
In field and garrison?
Go read on History's brightest page,—
Go ask of scholar and of sage,
If ever yet, since Time began
Man warred for nobler cause with man,
Or nobler deeds hath done!

When flashed a warrior's steel in air
Drawn in more righteous cause?
A Nation's life they fought for there,
Her liberties and laws!
Could Poet choose a loftier theme?
Could Romance weave a brighter dream?
Could History, with her iron pen
Grave deeper lines on hearts of men
To win a world's applause?

Ah, not for conquest, not for gain
These heroes drew the sword,—

Not in Ambition's bloody train
To serve some warlike lord ;—
Not theirs the thirst for martial fame,—
The hero's bays, the conqueror's name,—
To triumph o'er a foreign foe,—
To lay a hated rival low,
Or infidel abhorred !

Not theirs a Cæsar's guiding star
To conquest and renown,—
An Alexander's ruthless war
To pull weak nations down ;
Not theirs the war the Rebel waged,
In Slavery's cursed cause engaged,
Who, if the victory he gains
Sends a doomed race to stripes and chains,
The victor to a crown !

These veterans who around me stand
Wrinkled, and bronzed, and gray,
Were scattered wide o'er Dixie's land,
And wore the Blue that day !
Full younger men they were, I trow,
Who left the workshop and the plow,
The miner's shaft, the boatman's oar,
The preacher's desk, the merchant's store,
A soldier's part to play !

In those firm ranks of loyal blue
Who braved the storm of war,
Marched scholars ripe, and statesmen true,
Jurists from bench and bar,—
Men reared in luxury and wealth
Left honored ease—risked life and health,
The ground their bed, their tent the sky,

The wintry wind their lullaby,
Their lamp the evening star!

Men soft of heart, where suffering calls,
Born where sweet Peace held sway,
Faced the grim battery's raking balls,
When Duty led the way!
Men nurtured in the dread of death,
Dared the fell Fever's fatal breath,—
Faced the keen bayonets' points, nor broke
Their ranks when shell and sabre stroke
Let in the light of day!

In prison-pens, when hope was past
And Death was full in view,
They held their courage to the last
And their allegiance too!
Nor offered bread, nor bribe of gold,
Could win them to the rebel fold!
True to their flag, their land, their laws,
They cursed the traitor and his cause,
And, starving, still were true!

For those who fell in Freedom's cause
Let grateful tears be shed,
While Memory, and a world's applause
Embalm our honored dead!
To those who live, our comrades tried,
Who stood in battle side by side,
Be the warm grasp of Friendship given,
Till mustered in the ranks of Heaven,
When Earth's rude wars are sped!

For this our loyal Posts we rear,
Our ruddy Camp-fires blaze,—
Where veterans meet from far and near
To chat of bygone days.

Where Memory her choice offerings brings,
And on the fires fresh fagots flings;—
Yule logs, and cypress boughs we see,—
Even branches from the *chestnut* tree,
A roaring bonfire raise!

And as, o'er hillside, wood and glen
Our camp-fires blazed of yore
Where Freedom's hosts of armed men
Upheld her righteous war,—
So may each patriot sire and son
Guard the rich prize their valor won!
So let *our* peaceful camp-fires shine
And Liberty and Justice join,
To bless the G. A. R.!

J. W. T.

January 31st, 1890.

MY CREED.

I hold, there is a Power above
Who made the World and all things in it,
Without whose constant care and love,
His creatures could not live a minute!
I hold, despite the skeptic's sneer,—
Despite the tricks old creeds have played us,
Not for God's glory are we here,
But 'twas for Man's own good He made us!

The Being, infinite in love,
 All-wise, unfettered in His powers,
 Our Father, from His throne above,
 Rules for our good this world of ours!
 Nor for a favored few alone
 He cares: He loves us one and all,
 Reigns with the monarch on his throne,
 Yet stoops to note a sparrow's fall!

Let shallow idiots prate of Chance
 As parent of the eternal Order,
 That rules the planets' airy dance,
 And to Creation's utmost border
 Guides the swift Comet through the maze
 Of myriad circling orbs,—menacing
 Yet sparing peopled worlds, that gaze
 In terror on his reckless racing!

Science may give to power new names,
 Prate of Fixed Laws, self-legislated,
 By which blind Matter deftly frames
 Worlds of material self-created!
 It matters not what name we give,—
 Jove, Force, Law, Nature, Fate, Nemesis,—
 The Power that bade Creation live,
 His loving kindness never ceases!

Could earthly father rest content,
 Whose children wander, tempest-tossed,
 To know, when waves their force have spent,
 Some of his loved ones must be lost?
 Deem ye, a selfish, earthly sire
 Can match the All-Father's loving care?
 Dost think God's all-consuming ire
 More cruel than Man's passions are?

I trust that, in the after-life,—

In the dark Future's unmapped regions,
Freed from the coils of sin and strife,
Will meet in joy Earth's new-born legions;
That those who here have labored best,
With noble aims and high endeavor,
Will take front ranks among the blest,
Where Progress leads his hosts forever!

That Pain. Sin's follower, will vanish
When Sin herself has ceased to live,
And Heaven's pure atmosphere soon banish
Plagues which Earth's tainted breezes give!
That not to punishment unending
Will God call any from his sleep.
Nor, to Despair's dark pit descending
One soul through endless ages weep!

Yet hope not thou, whose wayward spirit
Shuns grace, and treads the downward path,
Thy reckless soul shall soon inherit
The bliss a purer spirit hath!
Like him, who, while his comrades store
Rich pearls, his own flings in the sea,
Thy beggared soul shall long deplore
The offered wealth once scorned by thee!

And grieve not, thou who tread'st in sorrow
The rugged, darkling paths below!
Thy path in the unknown To-Morrow
May lead where Heaven's rich sunbeams glow!
Though not to Man doth Heaven reveal
The mysteries of each varied lot,
Justice in God's own time will deal
Full, equal measure, doubt it not!

J. W. T.

March 12, 1884.

E PLURIBUS UNUM—A FABLE.

SIR MILLION went out for a walk, 'tother day
 When a frisky young UNIT pranced out in his way,
 His Lordship tossed high his numerical head
 And to the "noun-singular" tauntingly said:

"Now, aren't you ashamed, indivisible elf,
 To be seen by the side of my numerous self,
 Who could swallow ten thousand like you if I will,
 A hundred times over before I've my fill?
 I scorn all such atoms, who only count one
 In the army of Numbers who march 'neath the sun!
 See, now, what figure *I* cut, on the slate.
 Where seven fair digits my service await!
 In tens, hundreds, thousands, ten thousands I rise,
 Till my train fairly rivals the stars in the skies,—
 While you, wretched Unit! so saucy and bold,
 Have room but for one little chap in *your* hold!
 And, *minus* that one, as the school-books agree,
 You'd be snuffed out completely, poor mite, don't you see?
 So, my Dot-and-go-One! take advice while you may,
 And when MILLIONS strut round, just get out of our way!"

But that impudent Unit, unhumiliated, arose,
 Twirled finger and thumb at his long Yankee nose,
 Stuck his tongue in his cheek, gave a shrug and a grin,
 Took a quid from his mouth, cleaned his throat, and "sailed in":

"Pray allow me to ask, my much multiplied Dad!
 Ere your Units united, what numbers you had?"

If the poor, despised ONES, which thus singly have come
Hadt "pooled all their issues" to make up your sum,
What use would you have for those "digits" you brag of?
All those hundreds and thousands there'd not be a rag of!
Now, to prove how dependent you proud MILLIONS be,
Just look while I whistle my messmates to me!

So, with fingers to mouth, and with breath gathered in,
He blew such a blast—so shrill, piercing and thin,
'Twould have paled the "Pied Piper" with envy, and led
All his rats to their holes, and his bairns back to bed!
And the Units in answer came whooping away
From Sir Million's fat body, where snugly they lay!
From his chest, now collapsed, and from stomach caved in,
From back, bowed and broken—cheeks hollowed and thin,
From shaky legs, shrunk like Shakspeare's Old Age,
Or like actors, whose saw-dust spills out on the stage!
Came the scampering Units, full tilt from each door,
From all parts but the skull—*that* was empty before!

'Twas a "One-Hoss-Shay" business! all parts went together,
As clouds break and vanish in hot Summer weather;
And Sir Million, who *should* have grown humbled and sad,
Found there wasn't enough of him left to feel bad!
So the lesson was lost—as the Moral will be
If you all "give it up," and depend upon me!

ONE OF THE UNITS.

January, 1834.

MORNING ON THE FARM.

I wake from sleep—the morning sun
Has got his day's work well begun;
I turn in bed—my faithful spouse
Is long since up to milk the cows;
The hired men are at their chores
And I'm the only one in-doors!

I dress me, slowly as I may,
And toward the barn-yard drag my way,
Whence, breaking on my ravished ear
Come sounds my granger soul to cheer:
The rooster his shrill greeting sends,
“Cudah-cut” scream his female friends!
Ducks yell “Quack! Quack!” with heads in air,
And yet I see no doctor there!
Pigs squeal, calves blaaf, and cattle bawl,
And colts stand whinnying in the stall;
“Baa! Baa!” a hundred sheep unite
To split my ears, and craze me quite!
The turkey's “gobble-gobble” sounds
In concert with the baying hounds;
Geese squawk and splutter o'er their corn,
And loud-mouthed cows since early morn
Call frantic for their answering calves,
And Nature, who does naught by halves,
Lest there should be a moment's peace

Unmarred by din of ducks and geese,
 By snort of horse, and donkeys' bray,
 By squeal of pigs in noisy fray,
 By "yeows" of cats, and bark of dogs,
 And yelp of "purps", and grunt of hogs,
 Gave as a crowning plague to men
 The cursed, chattering Guinea-hen!

"Go back! go back! go back!" they screech!
 "Go back, you Jack!" tis all they preach;
 Nor all day long their "sass" they slack,—
 "Go back, you Jack! You Jack—go back!"

Like Balaam, when his donkey spoke,
 At first I take it as a joke!
 But, frightened at their fierce attack
 Which bids me still "Go back! go back!"
 I turn me back from work and chores,
 Light my cob pipe, and loaf in-doors
 Till breakfast calls. (No squawk or clack,
 Can bid me *then* "Go back—go back!")

J. W. T.

April, 1884.

SIXTY-TWO.

I'm Sixty-two to-day!
 My youth is gone,—my prime of life is past!
 What joys hath life to give us, which can last
 When we grow old and gray?

Hope, the gay cheat of Youth
Hath bidden us, her whilom dupes, farewell,
And Reason now to our dulled ears doth tell
But the sad tales of Truth!

Long since, we've ceased to prize
Those idle dreams of fortune, fairy-brought,
Those Spanish castles, of frail texture wrought
Against our youthful skies!

Too late, perchance, we've found
Those gaudy colors, laid in early years,
Fade with our youth, or, washed by bitter tears
Leave but a muddy ground!

What, then, hath Age to give?
.. What compensation for our Hopes, long dead?
For our lost strength, health, youth and beauty **fled**,
To bid us wish to live?

Around, on every side
Drop off the comrades of our youth, the friends
Proved in our manhood's prime; each story ends
With the same legend, "DIED"!

Happy the ones who go!
Thrice happy, if the legend ere it close
Tell of fair deeds to earn the blest repose
The righteous hope to know!

Kind Death! to mortals given
Who gently breaks the clinging ties which bind
The old to Earth,—and bids them look to find
Their loved and lost in Heaven!

That, on that other shore,
The wretched failures of this lower life,

The pangs of thwarted aims, of fruitless strife
Shall vex our hearts no more !

Fresh songs by Hope be sung,—
New strength be given,—our spirits fired again
With ardor such as pulsed through every vein
When Life and we were young !

That Right shall there be Might ;—
That Error, pampered in this lower world
And worshipped as a God, shall then be hurled
Back to the realms of Night !

And God to Man shall prove,
Despite the libels of his creatures here,—
The Churchman's cruel creed, the Skeptic's sneer,
His Justice and His Love !

J. W. T.

April 13, 1830.

DAT STUPID NIGGAH !

Ha, Uncle Pomp ; give me your hand,
My new-made brother in the land !
From this day forth you now may stand
With upraised head !
" I doan' edzackly onderstand
Wat you'un said !"

I mean, the law has set thee free !
No master's lash shall swish o'er thee !

The flag of glorious Liberty,
Protects thy rights!
“Wat 'bout dem Ku-Klux chaps we see,
Dese moonlight nights?”

I mean, the Constitution's power
Proclaims thy manhood from this hour!
Receive blest Freedom's priceless dower,
The right to vote!
“Boss, dem secesh will cuss and glower,
And cut my froat!”

Be not afraid! thy country's might
Stands pledged to guard thy every right!
“Ya'as—dat *sounds* nice; but tudder night
Some hossmen come
And hanged old Jim up by the light
Of's blazing home!”

“Yer see, ole Jim done hustled round
And tole de brack men hold dere ground;
And on de 'lekshum day 'twas found
Dat cullud man
Done voted, de contrairy hound
Fer a 'Publican!”

“Dey drug young Sambo out'en bed,—
Poured hot pitch on his back and head,
Den whipped him t'well he well-nigh dead!
“Wot had he did?”
“Woted fer Grant,” the Ku-Klux said,
The or'nery kid!”

“Dat Meth'dis' preacher, Israel Young,
Wot's sarved his Savior well and long,
Dey charge he hab a 'bellious tongue,
At rebs to scoff,—

Dey gib him forty, laid on strong,
And runned him off!"

"I 'spect you's right, boss, in de main;
We'se got de *right* to wote, dat's plain!
But jist edzackly *whar's de gain?*

Dar, I's in doubt!
Dat's wot dis stupid niggah's brain
Cain't figger out!"

GRANGER.

Victoria, Ill.

FORREST'S ATTACK, FEB'Y 3, 1863.

I s'pose you've heard, the Eighty-Third Fort Donelson were
guarding, boys,
Our regiment had there been sent, commanded by old Hard-
ing, boys,
Our teeth alack! to crack hard tack, had scarce the combi-
nation got,
We'd never met the rebels yet, nor half our education got!
That we were green was easy seen, and War was a new
game to us,
And ace and jack in our new pack were pretty much the
same to us.
Stripes on the sleeve we could believe, were full as nice as
shoulder straps,
The difference clear would soon appear, before we were much

older chaps!

For, though the sword few rebels gored, but bullets did
the killing all,

To claim the fame when victory came, the shoulder straps
were willing all!

Back in the home from which we'd come, where equals full
the men are all,

We'd never guessed who ranked the best, a Corporal or a
General!

We thought it fun to "tote a gun," and shine it up, inspection-day,

And proud we played at Dress Parade, as Paddy on election
day!

We thought we'd lick the rebels quick, and then go prancing
home again,

We found, too late, we'd years to wait, and may-be "cut
and come again!"

Well, one cold morn, sure as you're born, as we our
hash were cooking it,

Our scouts right down through Dover town at fearful pace
came "hooking it"!

And then the word we quickly heard—they told it in a hurry
too!

How Forrest's crowd had roundly vowed, our little camp to
scurry through.

They swore they'd eat our bread and meat, our "hard-tack,
and sowbelly" all,

And if we chose to wait for blows, they'd pound to a jelly
all!

That Forrest's horse, and Wheeler's force, and eke bold Gen'-
ral Wharton, too,

Ten thousand strong rode swift along, a prancing and cav-
ortin' too!

They sent a rag they called a flag, to tell how strong their
forces were,

That we'd best yield and quit the field before they rode
their horses there;
If they got mad they'd hurt us bad, and charge us right
through Dover, there,
Advised each soul to hunt his hole, for fear we'd get run
over there!
That Yankee gore in floods would pour, there warn't the
slightest doubt of it;
When ten fight one 'twas ugly fun; if wise we'd best sneak
out of it!
That, mad as hoes, ten thousand foes were riding like the
d—l there,—
If Harding squealed, and 'greed to yield, 'twould show his
head was level there!

Our Colonel laughed! (they thought him daft, and voted
him a sardine, then)
He swore the boys from Illinois, would stick by Colonel
Harding, then,
His men were few to theirs, he knew; besides, he'd heard it
said, o' late,
That Yankees three would turn and flee, before one fierce
Confederate!
We numbered then eight hundred men—sorry there wasn't
more of us,
For, clear as mud, each Southern blood could gobble up a
score of us!

Well, on they came to bag their game,—you bet, there
was a pile of them,
And shot and shell they threw like—well, we lay within a
mile of them
And held our ground till Forrest found the game was not
advancing on,
When up the hill at speed to kill the line of Rebs came
prancing on!

We gave a cheer, and you might hear eight hundred rifles
popping then,
And on the ground, for acres round, the raiders fell to dropping,
then.
Then "Jack fell down and broke his crown," and valiant Jill
skedaddled then,
And such a shout our boys sent out, as down the hill they
paddled then!
To charge they tried on every side, till night had let her
curtain fall,
But "doubtful things," the Poet sings, are always quite "uncertain"
all;
Like lions bold before our fold, at noon these rebs we find
them, ah!
Like sheep at night they take their flight, and leave much
wool behind them, ah!

Then, here's a tear for comrades dear, who in that fight
went under,—
And here's a laugh at rebel chaff, and Forrest's fatal blunder.
And here's a cheer, long, loud and clear, for the flag our
camp adorning,
And every one who fired a gun that February morning!

Co. K. 83d ILLS.

Fort Donelson, February, 1863.

(Written by request, for Rev. J. W. Gue's New Book.)

**Shall Our Country's Flag Wave Over Her
Altars?**

Where Altars to our Maker rise,
There let His standards greet the skies;
And to Heaven's welcoming breezes fling
The banners of Our Lord the King!

Where Freedom's armies guard the land
Let her proud standard-bearers stand,—
O'er hill and plain, from shore to shore
Float her blest symbols evermore!

God of the Saints! Land of the Free!
Let your fair banners blended be!
And o'er Heaven's sacred altars wave
The Flag that guards the Free and Brave!

Thus blended shall to us be given
The love of Home, of God and Heaven!
Thus, in our grateful hearts shall rise
Hopes of a Home beyond the skies!

Thus shall Religion's sacred fire
The Patriot's heart with warmth inspire!
Thus shall the Patriot's gifts in turn
On blest Religion's altar burn!

And love of God walk hand in hand
 With love of Man and Native Land!
 Christ's kingdom shall the whole world span
 With "Peace on Earth, Good will to Man!"

J. W. T.

Victoria, Ills., April 12, 1890.

THE RETURN OF ADAM AND EVE.

Six thousand years ago—a date
 Marked by the birth of man,
 Young Adam and his blooming mate
 Their pilgrimage began.
 They lived and loved; by sorrows tried
 From youth to age they passed;
 And clasping faithful hands, they died,
 True comrades to the last!

And, as they pressed their dying bed
 Where side by side they lay,
 The listening Angel at its head
 Bore their last prayer away:
 "O thou, to whom we owe our birth,
 God of the circling spheres,
 Grant us a brief return to Earth
 When pass ^{five} ~~six~~ thousand years!"
 Back flew the Angel, sad of face,
 As loath such boon to bear,

With answer from the Throne of Grace,
 Granting their latest prayer!
 And Adam and his faithful wife
 Cheered by the promise given,
 Rose from Earth's scenes of care and strife
 To the sweet peace of Heaven!

Five

~~Six~~ thousand years of joy and pain,
 Dragged their slow rounds,—and then
 Old Adam and his wife again
 Walked with the sons of men!
 As angels might, they trod the green
 Or skimmed the yielding air,
 Seeing all things, themselves unseen,
 A sad, observant pair!

They viewed, surprised, Earth's peopled plains,
 Her palaces of pride,
 Her railroads, with their thousand trains,
 Her wires for Thought to ride!
 They marked the state that Grandeur keeps,—
 The treasures Wealth doth store,—
 The Banker, mid his golden heaps,
 The Beggar at his door!

They walked where thrones of despots stood,
 Propped by a million swords,—
 Saw starving peasants robbed of food
 To feed their pampered lords!
 They saw the rich oppress the poor,
 The strong the weak subdue,
 The many patiently endure
 Their thralldom to the few!

The soil God gave to Adam's sons,
 Whose fruits his children fed,

Made merchandise by favored ones
While millions wanted bread!
The food His bounty meant for all,
His stores of meat and meal,
Left to the heartless gambler's call,
The trickster's cunning deal!

They saw sad Virtue toil in rags,
Proud Vice in purple flaunt,—
Heard Fraud, backed by his money-bags
His honest victims taunt!
Saw prosperous scoundrels high in state;
True merit in distress;
Heard godless villains praised as great,
Where Sin had brought Success!

They saw rich fields, by peasants tilled,
Yield bounteous crops of grain,—
They saw huge bins and store-rooms, filled
From car and loaded wain.
They saw the landlord's agents seize
These stores of golden wheat,
While coarse black bread, of rye and pease
The gaunt producers eat!

They saw tall Churches rear their spires
To Heaven, in costly show,
Where pious crowds, in rich attires
In Sabbath splendor go;—
While, grimed and ragged, starved and gaunt,
Mocked by the Sabbath bell,
In festering slums, in vice and want
Their suffering brothers dwell!

They heard the Preacher, long and loud
Score Vanity and Pride,
While congregations vain and proud

His burning words deride !
And Vice dozed in his cushioned pew,
In spotless garments dressed;
And Sin, unblushing, listened too,
And knelt among the rest !

They saw the Missionary go
To preach a Savior's love,—
Rum filled the vessel's hold below,
While cannons frowned above !
To deck their Emperor's diadems
Went soldiers stout and bold
From India's fanes to filch their gems,
From Afric's chiefs their gold !

They saw vast armies tread the plain,
Their murderous work to do,—
Where brothers, like their first-born, Cain,
Their guiltless brothers slew !
They learned what moved these armies both,
To death and slaughter pressed:
Some tyrants in the East were wroth
With tyrants in the West !

They saw, in many a city proud,—
In many a palace tall,
Their foe, the Serpent, still allowed
To tempt mankind to fall !
No snake's smooth skin he harbors in,
No tree of good and evil,
A glass of Gin now lures to sin,
He ~~starts~~^{sheds} confessed, a Devil !

And Christians meet him in the way
And touch his horrid hand ;
His blood-polluted gold, they say,
Pays tribute in the land !

But, writ in fire, this legend stands,—
They know its meaning well.—
“Gold taken from the Devil’s hands,
Will pave the road to Hell!”

“Oh Earth!” they cried; “with all thy pride,

Thy progress, and thy powers,—
Poorer thou art than when we died,
Near Eden’s youthful bowers!
For, though the Tree of Knowledge then,
Scant crops of fruit had grown,
Yet Happiness then dwelt with men,
And want was still unknown!”

“What is your Wisdom worth to-day,
Bought at Contentment’s cost?
What boon can Science give, to pay
For Peace and Plenty lost?
Why boast your educated Minds,—
Your vision’s wider span,
When broken is each link that binds
The heart of Man to Man!

Ah, bitter fruit to humankind!
Though knowledge it impart,
And strength to the expanded *mind*,
It robs the shrunken heart!

Men boast their progress and success!
Hear our just verdict given:
They've robbed the Earth of Happiness,
And won men's souls from Heaven!"

Thus spake old Adam and his wife,
From hearts oppressed with pain,
And, sickened at Earth's scenes of strife
Flew back to Heaven again!
And as its gate wide open flies
In welcome, at their call,
St. Peter sees from those sad eyes
Unwonted tear-drops fall!

J. W. T.

LIFE.

Life is a boundless sea
Stirred into motion by an unknown force;
Its tides and currents hold their destined course,
Its bubbles light are we!

We toss amid its waves;
For a brief moment glitter in the sun,
Hodge, Jacques, Karl,—Cæsar, Napoleon,—
Kings, heroes, peasants, slaves!

The restless deep rolls on;
The fragile bubbles dance, and swell, and shine,

Then, beaten, swallowed by the surging brine
They burst—and we are gone!

Life is an endless plain,
Where verdure, still succeeding, blooms and dies,
We may not know what Power the sap supplies
How gained, how lost again!

And we're but summer flowers!
We spring unconscious from our beds of clay;
We grow, we blossom through our destined day,—
We perish with its hours!

Life is a boundless sky,
Where storms rave wild, or pleasing zephyrs stray;
Where light and shade their parts alternate play,
To please or plague the eye!

And we are transient clouds
Driven here and there by forces not our own,
That flash and thunder in the torrid zone
Or wrap the North in shrouds!

But brief our destined lot!
Life's mighty Sun dissolves our changeful forms,
Or, dashed to Earth in Summer's hurtling storms
We sink, and are forgot!

Will the lost bubbles rise?
Will the fallen flowers their beauteous forms renew?
Will vanished clouds resume fair shape and hue
In future earth, seas, skies?

Will princes, peasants, slaves,—
The lofty and the lowly sons of earth,
Merged in the elements that gave them birth
Rise from their scattered graves?

"Seas shall give up their dead!"
Man's time-bleached bones shall in Earth's valleys shake,
His quickened dust at the dread summons wake,—
Thus hath his Maker said!

Increase our faith, O Lord!
Our sight is dim,—our knowledge barred by Fate!
Our staff of Reason bends beneath our weight!
We lean upon Thy Word!

GRANGER.

Victoria, Illinois.

1990,—A DREAM.

I dreamed: a world before me spread:
'Twas Earth; I knew it well;
The same Sun, in the sky o'erhead;
Broad plain, and woody dell;
Fair lake, bright stream, expanding sea,
Dance in the light right merrily;
And mountain ranges, capped with snow
Their white, crowned summits grandly show,
And plains, where millions dwell.

Yet, in my dreams vast change I see
From the old world I knew;
These plains are hives of Industry,
But homes of Comfort too.
Each white-walled cot refinement shows,—

On each glad face Contentment glows ;
The sun-burnt toilers of the land,
These laborers with head and hand
Seem brothers, sworn and true !

And Labor doth her children bless ;
Each wins his daily food ;
And Honor waits on Usefulness,
And glory crowns the good !
Here, selfish craft meets honest scorn,
And Wealth, of greed and cunning born,
Finds none so base the head to bow,
But dark Dishonor stamps the brow
Of Mammon's hated brood !

And honest pride, on Merit based,
Has banished pride of Caste,
And Aristocracy, disgraced,
Has perished with the Past !
And nobles, emperors, and kings
Rank with Time's half-forgotten things,
Which students glean from History's page
To score, as doth each present age
The follies of the last !

And armies, with their murderous tools
Tread Earth's stained fields no more,
Armed with those arguments of fools,
Which ruled her tribes of yore ;
The Law that saith : "Thou shalt not kill !"
To earth brings peace, to man good-will ;
And he who hath his brother slain
Wears now the blood-red brand of Cain,
Nor pleads the rights of War !

That Statesman wins the loftiest name
Who stands the People's friend,—
The public good, his country's fame,
His highest aim and end !
Their Congress halls no discords greet,
No section lines, no party heat ;
They send their purest and their best
From North and South, from East and West,
Whose mutual interests blend.

Man's vain ambition doth not call
For wealth, nor high estate,
For palace tall, or marble hall,
Where trembling vassals wait !
For he alone can honors own
Who in men's hearts erects his throne,
And, through high virtues, wisdom, skill,
Reigns o'er them by their own free will,
Though poorest in the State !

Here, too, true Womanhood doth well
Her loving heart express !
No vulgar rivalries compel
Extravagance of dress ;
Her woman's kindness here extends
To spare the pride of poorer friends ;
And love and sisterhood inspire
In modest garb, and plain attire
To deck her loveliness !

And 'tis the Statesman's proudest boast,
The Patriot's purpose high,
No life through want need now be lost,
No wretch unaided die !
For, free from waste through war and pride,
The earth doth for her sons provide ;

And light the burden sits as air,
Where each one gladly lifts his share,
And none stand idly by!

And leisure every laborer hath
Twixt hours of toil, I ween,
To tread in Learning's tempting path,
Or Fancy's vistas green.
No BURNS need starve, to frame his verse,—
No GOLDSMITH groan 'neath hunger's curse;
No science-loving son of toil,
Need waste o'er books the midnight oil,
His dreary tasks between!

The fevered craze for gold was o'er
When fear of want had died.
The thief had wish to steal no more
Who found his wants supplied.
The Judge, his occupation gone,
Sought cheerier themes to ponder on;
The Jailor left his door ajar,
Or welcomed wanderers from afar
To rooms unoccupied!

No city crowds her sick and poor
In alley, sink and slum;
Their bodies and their souls to cure
To the fresh fields they've come.
Their wealth the generous bankers give
To bid the needy exiles live;
The soil, God's gift to Adam's sons,
Once held but by Earth's favored ones
Man's birthright hath become!
And in my dream an aged man
I met, with locks of snow,
But hale and bright,—whose life began

An hundred years ago!
For happy years leave little trace
Of age, to seam the care-free face;
And lightsome tasks, and temperate joys
Make old men pass for older boys,
Whose cheeks with color glow!

I spoke: the venerable man
Replied, with thoughtful brow,
When questioned of their social plan,—
When introduced, and how?
“I mind full well,” the sage replies,
With bended head, and thoughtful eyes,—
“How Earth, some fourscore years ago
Lay drenched in blood, and plunged in woe,
('Tis Nineteen Ninety now!)”

Then, Russia, swol'n to giant power,
Ruled by a warlike Czar,
Struck England, in an evil hour,
And plunged a world in war!
The Nations, ranged on either side,
In brutal wrath and carnage vied,
And thrones, that centuries had stood,
Toppled and fell in seas of blood,
'Neath War's all-leveling car!

At last, their blood, their treasure gone,
Their power and prestige fled,
Earth's wisest baffled and o'erthrown,
Her bravest with the dead,
A humble POET rose, to sing
The praises of Our Lord, the King,
The Prince of Peace, whose heaven-born Plan
Rests on the Brotherhood of Man,
For whom man's Savior bled!

'Twas no new song he sang—'twas sung
Two thousand years ago,
When angels, in a heavenly tongue
Sang peace to men below!
Our Savior framed a Golden Rule,
So plain a wayfarer or a fool,
Or he who runs, its text may read,
The simplest soul its teachings heed,
Its priceless blessings know!

But still, in neither Church nor State,
That blessed Rule held sway,
Pope, priest and king—the rich, the great,
Still said their Savior nay!
To share their wealth with souls in need,
To put their ban on selfish greed,
Pull down the gods of lust and pride
And own a Savior Crucified,—
They shunned that better way!

The Poet touched each bleeding heart
That throbbed with human woe,
With heavenly balsam eased the smart,—
Forbade the blood to flow!
The wand he used was gospel love,
The balsam, that distilled above
From drops caught when the Savior bled,
For healing of the nations, shed
On Calvary's mountain low!

The nations, anxious to be healed,
Made haste the boon to win,
Forsook their pride, by grief congealed,
Their selfishness and sin.
Like little children, meek and still,
They flocked to Christ to learn his will,

Then framed their codes, and built their state
On laws of love that banished hate,
And cleansed the heart within !

No armies now his subjects need,
No ships, with guns of might;
No brothers now by brothers bleed,
No serfs for freedom fight !
No rivalry inflames our blood,
Save friendly strife in doing good !
No vain ambition now is known,
Save zeal to win a heavenly crown,
And triumph for the Right !"

He ceased: I reached to grasp his hand:
I woke: no hand was there !
I looked forth o'er a troubled land,
On misery everywhere !
I thought: Is this our boasted age,
Of scholars ripe, of thinkers sage ?
Can none a ray of comfort throw
To cheer this grief-wrung world below,
Or cure the ills we bear ?

Was't it but a dream ? Was't prophecy,
This glimpse o'er Time's broad plain ?
Vague forecast of the far To BE,
When Christ on Earth shall reign ?
Or was it but a vision given
To light our earthly path to Heaven,—
A glimpse vouchsafed me here below
To teach the way we needs must go,
True happiness to gain ?

Lord, teach true wisdom to the wise,
True greatness to the great !
Bid statesmen worth the name arise

To guide our erring State !
 Bid selfishness and greed depart,
 And fell ambition, from each heart ;
 And hasten, from Thy throne above
 The reign of Justice and of Love,
 For which Thy servants wait !

J. W. T.

Victoria, Ill., April, 1890.

(Read at a Celebration, July 4, 1888, at Victoria, Ill.)

1776—1888.

It chanced, some centuries ago, ere Uncle Sam was born,
 Some Yankees settled "way down East," and went to raising
 corn;
 (Some say they stole their seed-corn, but I've heard my
 grand-dad say
 They "borrowed it" from Indian cribs, while the owners were
 away !)

I leave that to our preachers here—the question's in their line,
 Whether they acted on the square, or "played it rather
 fine" ?

The seed proved good—they raised a crop; and History hastes
 to tell,
 They paid two bushels back for one, and still had corn to
 sell !

Well, after many weary years, of hardship, toil and strife,
Worried by famines, plagues and wars, and the dreaded scalp-
ing-knife,

These hardy Yankee pioneers, who wielded gun and hoe,
Caused mighty *States* to spring to birth, as well as corn to
grow.

Then, Yankee thrift and shrewdness told him, 'twasn't just
the thing

To send his "pine tree shillings" off, to help support a King!
"Twas a pesky shame!" he grumbled, and through his nose
growled he,

"He'd be 'tarnally gol-twisted if he'd pay a tax on Tea!"

Old Johnny Bull, his sturdy sire, got word across the water,
And sent a lot of red-coats here to teach him that "he'd
orter!"

And so the "argyment" commenced, with sword and shot and
shell,

But at Lexington and Bunker's Hill the Yankees argued
well!

Still, Johnny Bull kept sending troops—he was a royal
"crank"!

And Uncle Sam kept growing boys to fill each thinning
rank,—

And thus through seven long, weary years our fortunes went
and came,

Till the Yankees bagged Cornwallis, and that finished up
the game!

And here, this Fourth day of July, their grandsons meet to
say,

We're thankful to our sturdy sires for giving us this day,—
To call to mind those heroes who mid want, and cold and
snow

Licked out the "bloody Britishers!" (Mart Blackburn, ain't it so?)

We whipped them in two bloody wars,—and yet, how strange it ends!

Old Johnny Bull and Uncle Sam are now the best of friends! They trade and visit back and forth, as "thick" as they can be,

And they gossip through the wires beneath a thousand leagues of sea!

But Uncle Sam, in course of time, had troubles of his own, There "was a nigger in the fence" would not be let alone! And pulling Sambo to his feet, and saying he was free Set North and South to punching heads, as mad as they could be!

And long and bloody was the strife,—twas worse than "Greek meet Greek",

For "Yank" and "Johnny" both were brave, and neither side was weak,—

And oh! it was a piteous thing, that long and doubtful fray,

Which drenched thy hills and plains with blood, fair North America!

Yet proud the list of those who fell, the Union to maintain,—

And proud the heroes who survived, their country's cause to gain,

A galaxy of honored names for future times to see,

Cap. Reynolds, Sherman, Hancock, Grant, Phil. Sheridan and me!

And several more of lesser note, whose names I'll not rehearse,

For being half a million more, 'twould cumber up my verse,

And some of you, who wore the Blue, and bravely fought,
no doubt,
Would want to punch the poet's head, to find their names
left out!

The war was o'er—the Union saved, and joy walked through
the land,
When fell our great War President beneath the assassin's
hand,
Great Lincoln! Noblest of the chiefs who that high seat
had won,
Since grateful patriots of old thus honored Washington!

And now our Nation bourgeons forth in wealth and power
and pride
And sixty million souls repose beneath its branches wide,
And many millions more, no doubt, are waiting to be born,
To fill the land where, years ago, the Yankee hoed his corn!

Parties spring up, and rule in turn, grow weak, collapse,
and fall,
Whigs, Democrats, Republicans, Greenbackers, each and all
May gain the helm, each in its turn! have patience, boys,
and wait,
But onward in her proud career, still sails the Ship of
State!

What boots the *name* a statesman wears? If honest be the
man,
He is a Patriot all the same, and an American!
And while we meet to celebrate our Nation's birth and fame,
We're all AMERICANS to-day, and drop each party name!

Then, fling our banner to the breeze! forever floating free
Proud flag, be token to the world of glorious Liberty!

No North, no South, no East, no West, thy sole protection
claims,

But all America enjoy thy shelter and thy fame!

J. W. T.

July 4, 1888.

Written for the Farmers' Picnic, near Oneida, Ills.

A WORD TO FARMERS.

Six thousand years, or thereabout

Have dragged on, sad and slow,
Since Adam came, a tenant stout,
To till God's farm below.

The lease framed for the sons of men
Is drawn for threescore years and ten,
And when with death their holdings cease,
The sons take up their fathers' lease,
And learn to plow and sow.

Tis said, an angel came with seed,
With vine, and plant, and root:
That Satan brought each noxious weed,
With the forbidden fruit!

I cannot say:—I have no skill
To guess our Maker's hidden will;
I only know, we renters here
Fight *weeds* and *sin* from year to year,
Which still our rights dispute.

And here, on God's rich farm we toil,
As honest tenants may;
With sweating brows we till the soil
In Heaven's appointed way.
No other trade or craft can claim
The sanction of His mighty name,
Or trace its skill, to workmen given,
To angel teachers sent by Heaven,
In good old Adam's day!

I'm no theologist, not I!
Yet this much I'll maintain:
We have a warrant from on high
For raising fruit and grain!
The merchant, lawyer, banker, all
Pursue where tastes and pleasure call;
The FARMER, of all craftsmen known,
Hath his task set by God alone,
To till the fruitful plain!

So, on this ground I'll take my stand,
And prove my logic clear,—
Who doth God's work on God's own land
Outranks all others here!
Make room, then, men of other ranks,
Who toil in stores, in shops, in banks:
When you the honest FARMER meet,
Yield him the sidewalk and the street!
He ranks you, never fear!

Your paltry wealth you flaunt in vain,
Your learning and your pride;
God's *tenants*, who produce His *grain*,
Your puny claims deride!
Show, if you can, in holy writ,
Heaven's stamp on pride, on wealth, and wit!

But in His sacred page we scan
Where He hath blessed the husbandman,
The helpmate by his side !

Another point I wish to make,—
I hope you'll take it in,—
The farmer handled hoe and rake
Before the birth of sin !
Kept Eden's garden fair to view
Long ere the Serpent wriggled through !
So, in a world of wicked men,
He toils in innocence as then,
When toil did first begin !

And, as in guileless mood we work,
So trusting and so green,
Some Serpents still among us lurk,
Our garden-plots between !
Each snake doth sport a different name,
Yet they are serpents all the same,
And all, their lineage can trace
To the arch-serpent of the race,
In Eden's garden seen !

One snake, who rears his wriggling crest,
And rolls his glittering eye,
Is called a TRUST ; one ugly beast
Is named MONOPOLY !

And one, before whom farmers quail,—
A snake with rattles on his tail,—
With teeth sharp as Damascus blade,
Is called by men the BOARD OF TRADE !
The STOCK-YARD snake's close by !

Another snake makes us his prey,—
The RAILROAD snake is he ;
He is a brother, by the way,

To Snake MONOPOLY !
They hunt in couples, lean and long ;
With CAPITAL, a serpent strong,
They wind their folds round corn and wheat,—
Round all we raise and wear, and eat ;
And steal two parts in three !

The WHISKY snake crawls forth at will,
And many a wretch doth charm ;
His bites, both soul and body kill,—
He swallows field and farm !
And vain AMBITION, FASHION, PRIDE,
And forty other snakes beside,
Crawl through each meadow, path and street,
And twist and squirm about our feet,
And fill us with alarm.

But, courage, friends ! You know, 'twas said
By One who never lied,
The Man shall bruise the Serpent's head
And crush in dust its pride !
So, boys, get clubs, and scour the ground,
And bruise these Snakes wherever found !
Let Adam's sons avenge their sire,
And roast each squirming back with fire,
Or flay its wriggling hide !

Then, when we've crushed out sin and vice,
The Serpent's fatal train,
Shall Man return to Paradise,
And eat its fruits again !
And, as in Eden's blissful day,
Shall MAN, the FARMER, have full sway !
And, like the beasts to Adam led
For names, shall all men bow the head
To him who tills the plain !

Then, Farmers all,—my words attend :
 Be no man's slave or tool :
 Just take the counsel of a friend
And fit yourselves to rule!
 Be wise, be temperate, be just,—
 In your own judgments learn to trust ;
 And strive to prove these axioms true ;
 "Good workers make good thinkers too ;"
 "Labor is God's best school !"

GRANGER.

Oneida, Ill., Aug. 14, 1890.

THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.

(As discussed with my Boot-black !)

Cæsar! time was when Earth was not!
 But nebulous masses, white and hot
 Rolled through vast fields of Space, where thought
 Can never go!

Where Power Divine His works hath wrought!
 (Cæsar:) "I s'pecks dat's so!"

Friend Cæsar! mid this ether stirred,
 Live clouds leaped at the Almighty's word,
 Whose "still, small voice" vast Nature heard,—
 And, in a trice,
 Sped, like swift steeds to battle stirred!
 (Cæsar:) "Ya'as,—dat sounds nice!"

My sable friend! by Nature's laws,
Each mass round one dense nucleus draws,
Obedient to an unknown cause
 Called Gravitation,
Whose nature bids proud Science pause!
 (*Cæsar:*) "Dat beats de nation!"

While thus, by forces all unknown
Held fast to Nature's central throne
Each white globe wanders forth alone,
 And whirling ever,
Huge masses from its sides are thrown!
 (*Cæsar:*) "Wall, boss, I never!"

These fragments, spun by innate force,
Take round the central orb their course,
With speed that mocks slow car or horse,
 Or ball from gun;
Dost know of heat and light the source?
 (*Cæsar:*) "Ki! dats' de Sun!"

Yes, Cæsar! but there's more to do;
Each planet, launched in ether blue
Throws out great satellites, which you view
 In radiant moons!
(*Cæsar:*) "Golly, 'pears like we needs 'em, too,
 Fer hunting 'coons!"

Suns, planets, moons, in circles vast,
With measured speed in motion cast,
While Time's long lease of life doth last
 Their course shall run!
(*Cæsar:*) "Say, boss,—de sun am sottin' fast!
 Ain't yer most done?"

Now, boy, you know Creation's plan
As well as I or any man!
(Through his kinked locks his fingers ran
And scratched his head!)
"Boss, I don't 'zackly onderstand
All you done said!"

Cæsar! my meaning do not miss:
Philosophers have christened this
The NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS!
He answered slow:
"Ya'as, boss, I've seed *that* critter's phiz,
In Barnum's show!"

J. W. T.

Victoria, Ills.

THE END.





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